

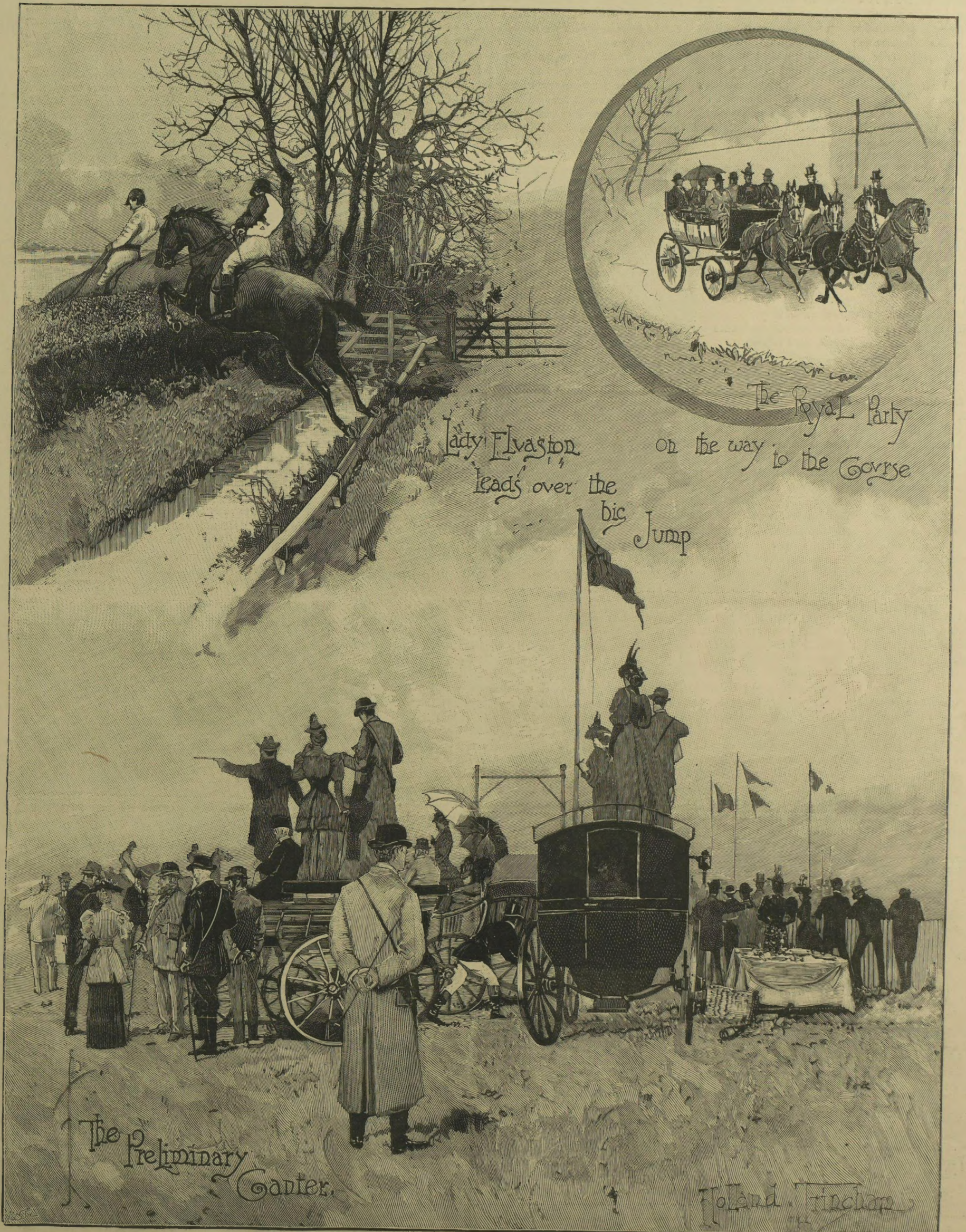
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } BY POST, 6½D.



Lady Elvaston
Leads over the
big Jump

The Royal Party
on the way to the Course

The Preliminary
Canter.

Holland Tringham

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Should the literary neophyte be encouraged or not? is a question recently asked, and of course answered, by an American magazine. From a selfish point of view, it seems a very injudicious proceeding, especially for an editor. To give hopes is certain to increase the number of his most troublesome clients and to stiffen their wild resolves to storm the Temple of Fame. Still, good-nature "will come in," and when there is any bud of promise a man must be a churl to prevent its blossoming by cold contempt. Such a very little sunshine is necessary for its development, and it is as easy to smile as to frown. It is, indeed, the critic on the hearth, and not the editor, who is the harsher judge, for it is true of the literary profession more than of any other that a man's foes—that is, his depreciators—are those of his own household. It is their disbelief in his talents which drives him to the stranger for an opinion, "having no one to advise him on the subject," as he tells us, though in fact he has had a great deal of advice from his friends, of a very unpalatable kind. Sometimes he finds one to sympathise with him, but whose attempts at assistance are not very practical. A lady correspondent who has not been very fortunate in her literary ventures sends me a specimen of the sort of aid she is in the habit of receiving from her friends. The ambition of her life was "to meet with some extremely amiable editor"—in other words, to get into print—and a friend in America promised to do the best she could for her. The result of this is the following letter, evidently intended for a great encouragement, though not exactly fulfilling her heart's desire: "I loaned your letter to a young man in Maine, who seemed very wishful to edit a paper, but was discouraged because of no answer to his prayer for a friend to appear with money in hand for him to go to New York and begin. He is very poor, and altogether uneducated. He may write to you; I wish he would." As an example of well-meant assistance up the ladder of fame, this seems to me hard to beat.

However the question of the Aquarium lions may be settled, it is disgraceful and intolerable that an animal of any kind should be out of the pale of protection from cruelty because it is not domesticated. If that is the law, it is expedient that the law should be altered. In the same paper which contained the magistrate's confession of incapacity to deal with the case of the king of beasts, there is an account of some scoundrels charged with cruelty to a monkey. The poor little creature was found "encircled with a thick leather belt, and whining piteously. It was bleeding from several wounds and in great pain." The defence was that the monkey was not a domestic animal, and was therefore open to every kind of ill-treatment. No one, without a wig and gown, would have ventured to advance such a plea, and it strikes one that it would have been more becoming had he also worn a mask. Why should the law admit this absurd exception, and at the same time refuse to apply it to the case of human beings? There are many men who are not "domesticated," and who, though they may be subject to abuse, are still protected from violence.

Whatever may have been the merits of the Hymn to Apollo sung at the Archaeological School of Athens the other day before the Hellenic royal family, there was something romantic indeed in the circumstances under which it was found. It had been buried in the earth for more than two thousand years, before it was discovered in lithograph—that is, engraved on a marble slab—during the excavations at Delphi. A greater contrast in the manner of its presentation with that of a modern performance of the same nature it is difficult to imagine. It was not a first-night audience, yet no one had ever heard it before. It was original, yet unprotected by copyright; and though its success was indubitable it gave no pleasure to the author. He lived in an age when to appear in print was impossible, but the desire to do so no doubt existed in an undeveloped state. In these days the poet flies to the magazine, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling. If the editor does not instantly admit him, "Immortality," he cries, "is denied me by a fastidious beast." Of old there was no such trouble; the bard took his block of marble and ensured his own immortality: if he chiselled somebody else's verses, posterity had nothing to do with that. A poet of sixty years since has modestly stated that his name was writ in water, but that would not at all satisfy expectation nowadays. This Hymn to Apollo may suggest a compromise. Marble is more expensive than it was at Delphi, but why should not our poets use bath brick? They would thus insure permanency for their productions, which though they have not gone down with editors would go down with posterity.

"I never knew a man of fifty who was ever argued into anything," writes Dr. Jessopp in a recent number of this Journal. It is a wise saying, and, so far as I know, a new one. Persons over fifty (of whom we have one eminent example in these days) have argued themselves into all sorts of opinions, but to voices from without they have been stone deaf. It may be a proof of their intelligence or not (as their views coincide or otherwise with our own); it may be the "dogmatism," that is "grown-up puppyism"; or the

faith that is born of true conviction; but there it stands four-square to every wind of doctrine. On and after the age in question, argument, if it be not welcome, slides off the mature mind like water off a duck's back. To the student of human nature there is no more humorous spectacle than the pretence of being open to conviction which for various reasons old folks will put on. Sydney Smith has pictured for us a frightful end to the evil-doer—the being preached to death by wild curates; but curates, however wild, do not even inconvenience the good churchgoer of fifty and upwards to whom "the snowy-banded, delicate-handed, dilettante" young gentleman from the University is expounding matters from the pulpit about which he has made his mind up before the other was born. The opinions of the quinquagenarian are immutable, but his manner has none of the cocksureness of young persons; you can, however, gather what he thinks from certain formulas of speech he uses: when he says with an air of indifference, "It does not concern me, for I shall not live to see it," you may be sure he thinks he sees very clearly what is going to happen. It is, indeed, one of the few advantages of maturity that, whether right or wrong, we are at least no longer in doubt about things. When we are young, difference of opinion annoys us; we resent antagonism even in our literary tastes, in reality because we are not sure of our own judgment. After fifty we have no troubles of this kind. If somebody tells us—to use an extreme example—that he sees nothing to admire in the poem, "Tears, idle tears," we only say "Really!"

In an interesting article in a recent *Spectator*, the subject of Indian magic—the alleged miracles of the dwarf mango, the disappearance from a basket, and the sitting in the air—is commented upon with semi-credulity. It is a vulgar thing to propose to settle any matter by "putting a little money upon it," but it is sometimes a decisive test. When the clairvoyant is offered a large sum for telling us something that apparently would cost him nothing, he takes up a high position, says he is only "an instrument," and delicately suggests that we blaspheme. But Indian jugglers, however supernatural their performances may appear, exhibit them for money, and it is quite certain that if they came over here, and sat in the air—say, above the terrace of the Crystal Palace—they would be enriched beyond the dreams of avarice. But they do not come. They prefer to remain in that distant region where testimony is not subject to scientific investigation, and where cards at whist are dealt, after shuffling, thirteen of a suit in each hand.

It is curious that since our occupation of Egypt nothing has been heard of that famous Egyptian magic which so impressed the author of "Eothen." It would almost seem that the country has been brought too near home—too immediately under civilised observation—for native miracles; or perhaps the magicians may be angry that some of their most admired feats—such as the rope trick, now seen at every street corner—have been adopted and improved in England. At all events, they have ceased, or do not seem to be worth mentioning. In fairness to the Eastern magician it must be confessed that he requires none of the apparatus of our modern wizard: "there is no mécanique with him." This is what most impresses the intelligent beholder. A well-known wizard told me that the most successful feat he had ever performed was not only the simplest but absolutely involuntary. He was bound to America on a professional tour, but made the voyage as a private person. He was playing a rubber in the smoking-room, and after having won a game, was shifting the cards for a fresh deal, when he unfortunately drew them out to their full length, as he was wont to do on the stage; his opponent, instead of cutting them, rose from his seat. "No, Sir," he said significantly; "here is your money, but no more whist."

The most graceful and, at the same time, the most undoubtedly genuine performances seem to be those of the Japanese jugglers. Their paraphernalia are of the slightest, consisting chiefly of a top and some paper butterflies. An eye-witness thus describes them: "He took an ordinary boy's top and spun it in the air, then threw the end of the string back towards it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself all ready for the second cast. By the time it had done this it had reached his hand and was ready for another spin." The paper butterflies he made by help of a fan to alight wherever he wished. The spectator requested that one might be made to settle on each ear of the juggler. "Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required point, and there left them comfortably seated!"

It is recorded of the great Duke of Wellington that when he was made Chancellor of Oxford he applied to his medical attendant (as being accustomed to write prescriptions) to compose for him his Latin speech. It is not, however, if we are to believe recent advices from Rome, where the Medical Congress has been lately sitting, all doctors who have these classical attainments. One of them is said to have enjoyed very much a drive along "the Apennine Way"; and quite a large party of them agreed to visit Naples in order to see "the Pharmacy Bull." These little mistakes are not confined to the visitors. From

the advertisement of the Official Guide, published for the benefit of the Congress, I cull this delightful panegyric: "It is most agreeable, especially at meal, containing no pernicious germ. We begs all medical men who will participate in the Sangemini water, which by the consent of the committee shall be gratuitously offered them in the premises where the Exhibition shall take place."

Why will people continue to use blotting-paper when they are writing compromising letters? They used to use sand, which, if not thrown in the eyes of the suspicious, at least told them nothing. But of late years everyone seems bent on making their own detection easy. In a recent case a correspondent (spelt unhappily with one *r*) seems to have selected the softest pen, plenty of ink, and to have written in large round hand all that he ought not to have said, with the express object of getting a good impression of it out of the blotting-paper: an archaeologist picking out a "brass" could not have taken greater pains to render it legible.

"Kindly Nature" has found a formidable rival in the microbe. This personage—if one may venture to call him so—has hitherto borne a very bad character, and, indeed, his ordinary occupation is the production of infectious diseases. The Société d'Anthropologie, however, have now taken a scientific view of him, and pronounced him beneficial. In reply to the famous question, "What will happen in future generations when the temporary resource of emigration has failed?" it triumphantly answers, "Nothing (or nothing to speak of). The microbe will become the saviour of society by decimating the population." If we only look deep enough, we are told, we shall find an excellent motive for everything, and the microbe is an example of it: its object is to kill us, but why? "In order to regenerate life in permitting new beings to take the place of those who have been extinguished." Good old microbe, how sadly have you been misjudged!

There are some folks still left in the world who do not grudge their commendation of a poetic metaphor, even though it has not been hallowed by time, and who do not despise an idea because they find it expressed in the poet's corner of a provincial newspaper. Such persons will be pleased with at all events one line of a poem entitled "An Elegy," which appears in a recent issue of a North-country paper and has been forwarded by an appreciative friend for my admiration—

'Twas sweet as violet-breathing gale,
'Twas soothing as the moon's faint beam;
'Twas tender as the ringdove's tail,
Alas! and was it but a dream?

I really believe, though the ringdove has been so long the common property of our poets, that its tail has hitherto escaped comment. Tenderness has always been associated with this delightful bird.

The plaintive wood-pigeon, warbling nigh,
Makes me say to myself, says I,
How nice you would cat with a steak in a pie!

are familiar lines; but the tenderness is supposed to lie in its breast or in its legs: it is the very first time that it has been attributed to its tail. Is it possible that this poet eats his pigeons without plucking them?

The director of the Zoological Gardens, Adelaide, has been so good as to send me a remarkable photograph. At first sight it looks like an alligator, a little softened and flattened out; but it is not an alligator, and though the same thing has once before—but only once—been seen in this country, no human being would ever guess what it was. Curiously enough, the only hint as to its nature is to be found, so far as I know, in the columns of that well-known organ of science and natural history, *Punch*, for the year (I think) 1851. In a review of Samuel Warren's "Lily and the Bee," these now mysterious lines are to be found—

The Boa that bolted the blanket,
Speckled Enthusiast!

They were very popular, and for some years every faddist and fanatic—of which, however, there was not such a plentiful crop as nowadays—was called "speckled." They were written upon a real event, for the largest serpent in our Zoological Gardens *did* swallow his blanket, and died in consequence, of indigestion. And now the boa constrictor at Adelaide has done the very same thing, and survived the experiment. It was not, indeed, a blanket, but a railway rug, and it is the photograph of that novel article of food that has been sent to me. It was swallowed on Jan. 3 last, and given up on Feb. 2. "It does not appear," writes my correspondent, "to have suffered much, either in texture or tone, during a month all but a day in the serpent's stomach, but it has taken the form of the reptile, being rounded to a long thin point, and it is twisted like a wet blanket hard wrung out. There are stains where the gastric juices have striven to operate. When the boa was discovered with his bedding half swallowed he was in a tearing rage, and darted so savagely at the plate-glass front of his den that both the keeper and myself had to keep out of sight. The rug was seven feet by six feet, but it has been reduced by swallowing and folding to five feet three inches. It weighed, when dry, ten-and-a-half pounds; eight of the reptile's teeth were found sticking in it, but only four are shown in the photo."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The prediction that Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal would loosen the bonds of discipline in the Liberal majority seemed to have come true when threats were heard of a Radical revolt against Sir William Harcourt's proposal to take Tuesday evenings for the Government business. Tuesday is sacred to the private member; so is Wednesday; so is Friday evening. As the Government did not desire to annex Wednesdays and Fridays, there seemed a slight disproportion in the supposed resolve of the malcontents to turn their party out rather than yield an hour of the time which the private member usually devotes to purely academic plans for the regeneration of mankind. From their own point of view, Ministers were not entirely unreasonable in asking on April 9 for a little more elbow-room, seeing that the Bills promised in the Queen's Speech had none of them advanced a single stage. Moreover, how could the most independent Radical go down to his constituents and say, "Yes, I helped to put an end to the Administration, and I glory in it. Men who wanted to rob me of my right of declaiming on a particular Tuesday about the expenses of returning officers were unfit to live, much less to govern!" It was eminently likely that the electors would not appreciate this public spirit even if it were excited by the refusal of the Government to give a Tuesday for another debate on the House of Lords. So Mr. Labouchere and his merry men took counsel together, and when the House met, and the legions were whipped up on both sides for the fray, and Sir William Harcourt, with an air of subdued pathos, had pointed out that the Government must have the time they asked, or else drop the reins altogether, it was soon evident that, except Mr. Redmond and his little band, whose coming and going resemble the consistency of the wind which bloweth where it listeth, there would be no defaulters to speak of in the Ministerial ranks.

This was a considerable disappointment to the Opposition, who had vigorously beaten the preliminary drum in expectation of a Government defeat. The compact majority a day or two earlier had fallen as low as fifteen, and hope told the flattering tale that it would now disappear altogether. Apprised of the change in the situation, Mr. Balfour handled his theme with a grace, dexterity, and humour which won general admiration. Not the slightest touch of irritation escaped him, although he saw the prey slipping from his grasp. Sir William sat opposite with folded arms and a beaming smile, while Mr. Balfour made sport of a rather unhappy image employed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to symbolise the position of the Ministry. He had talked of a ship laden with a precious cargo, and labouring against adverse winds and waves towards her destination. The leader of the Opposition confessed that Nature had not endowed him with the qualities which make the sea enjoyable; and he proffered his special sympathy to the mariners who had embarked in such a leaky and rotten craft as the right honourable gentleman opposite had undertaken to navigate. All this was excellent comedy. The Tories were baulked of their victory, but they enjoyed the admirable skill with which their chief turned the laugh against his opponents. Some evil genius, however, prompted Mr. Chamberlain to strike another note. He was not sure that the humour of his ally had done justice to the magnitude and solemnity of the occasion. It was true that the private member was not a person to be pitied, and it was equally true that a Government might be entitled to demand more time; but not this Government. What had they done with the Home Rule Bill? At this point the magnitude and solemnity of the occasion broke down. It was a little too much to ask anybody to believe that the mismanagement of public business in the session of 1893 was an argument against giving the Government facilities for transacting their business in the session of 1894. Sir William Harcourt beamed more than ever; the Tory benches were glum; even the Liberal Unionists sat silent and depressed. Mr. Chamberlain pursued this unfortunate train of dialectics till he became involved in interruptions which he did not combat with his usual adroitness, and at last he was called to order by the Speaker for wandering from the subject. This was the climax of a thoroughly ill-conceived manoeuvre. Worse still, it had the effect of rousing Mr. Labouchere to a vehement defence of the Government, a performance which was quite startling in its novelty. There was a good deal of diverting candour in Mr. Labouchere's speech. He reminded the House that when the Liberals were in office they trampled on the private member, but when they were in Opposition they fiercely assailed the culpable indifference of Tory Ministers to the rights of that long-suffering genius. Everybody laughed at this sally; but then everybody knew that it was rather absurd to expect a Government to be turned out on a vote of confidence which related solely to a question of procedure. The fight was unreal, but Ministers, who have found that their majority, after the most desperate whipping, fluctuates between twenty-four and twenty-eight, are not likely to enjoy absolute freedom from anxiety.

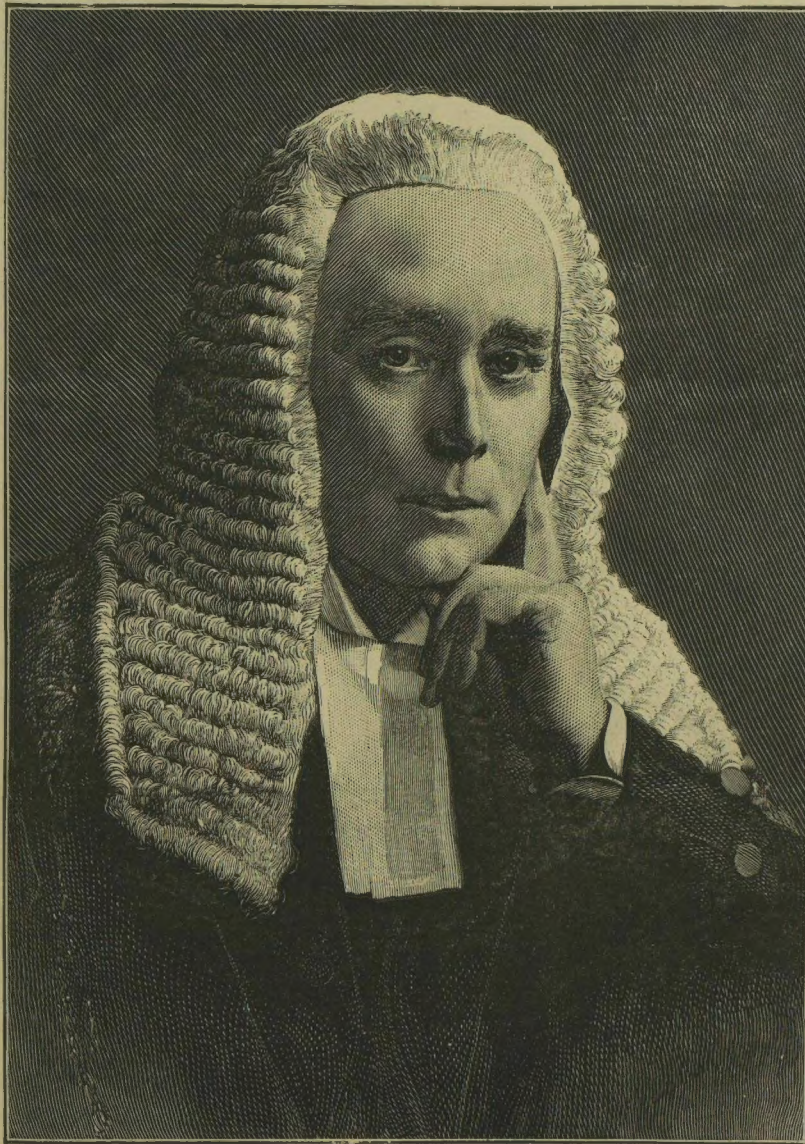
Next day Mr. Balfour was again in the playful vein. The Naval Estimates were before the House, and the Treasury bench had a solitary tenant in the person of Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth. Indeed that bench is often a desert in which a minor official blooms alone now and then like the last rose of summer. Sir William Harcourt is the chief absentee. He is believed to spend most of his time nursing his Budget. So there was no little glee in a small House when Mr. Balfour

suggested that the presence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be useful to the discussion of large questions when comparatively unimportant detail had been disposed of by Sir Ughtred. This thrust was not perhaps quite kind to Mr. Arnold Forster, a studious, painstaking, but somewhat dreary young man, who had just exercised himself in a voluminous criticism, in the course of which a passing allusion to the death of Nelson had greatly excited Admiral Field. For a moment, I thought that gallant officer was about to favour the House with a stave of a well-known nautical ballad. Sir Ughtred was severely admonished by Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, who, in his turn, received a wiggling from Sir Edward Reed. I suppose it is impossible for the House to discuss the Navy without indulging in ancient party recriminations. Sir Edward Reed went as far back as the days of Mr. Ward Hunt. Sir Ellis wanted to know why the Government had not built a ship as powerful as a particular Russian cruiser; and Sir Edward wanted to know why Sir Ellis had not thought of this desirable vessel when he was in office. And so the small beer flowed on.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORD BOWEN.

Judges usually enjoy longevity, but Lord Bowen is a melancholy exception to the rule. At fifty-eight—an age when most men on the Bench are in the full vigour of their



THE LATE LORD BOWEN.

powers—he has succumbed to a painful malady. He will be sorely missed by his colleagues and his friends, for to a ripe scholarship and an ever-ready wit he added a rare charm of courtesy and amiability. Charles Bowen was the eldest son of the Rev. Christopher Bowen, and was very early singled out for distinction. His career at Oxford was an uninterrupted success. He carried off every prize; his essays were regarded as masterpieces; he took a first class in classical honours; became a Fellow of his College; and did not neglect athletic sports. When called to the Bar he derived much assistance from the friendship of Lord Coleridge, who had the highest opinion of his gifts. As a pleader Lord Bowen had not a popular style. He delighted in subtle distinctions which puzzled his audience. It is related of him that when he became a judge one of his charges to the jury had the unexpected effect of securing the acquittal of a prisoner whose guilt was beyond question. His first distinction at the Bar was achieved in the Tichborne Case, in which he acted as junior to Sir John Coleridge, and bore the brunt of a gigantic task. In 1879 he was appointed Judge of the Queen's Bench Division, and four years ago he succeeded Lord Hannen as a Lord of Appeal. The stories of his judicial humours are endless. He was, perhaps, the only man on the Bench who did not "joke wi' deeficulty." As a rule, the wit of their "lordships" is of a very poor quality; but Lord Bowen had a faculty which would have delighted Sam Rogers. There is a well-known anecdote concerning a discussion in the committee of his judicial brethren who were drawing up an address to the Queen on the occasion of her Jubilee. It began with "Conscious as we are of our own shortcomings," "Of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen by way of amendment. It is of him, too, that the story is told about the Admiralty Court where, on taking his seat and apologising for his

inexperience, he said "And may there be no moaning at the Bar when I put out to sea." As a judge he commanded the profound respect of his profession. His judgments were luminous, accurate, and distinguished by a felicity and precision of phrase not common in such compositions. One of these phrases has become a legal proverb. "Truth will out, even in an affidavit," is a saying which lives by its incisive irony. There was a lawyer who carried on his legal studies together with the occupations of a farmer. Lord Bowen described him as "milking a cow with one hand and annotating 'Lindley on Partnership' with the other." The truth was that this eminent judge had what few eminent judges possess—a great literary gift. Unhappily, it had comparatively little scope.

WEST NORFOLK HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

At East Winch, near King's Lynn, an hour's drive from Sandringham, on Monday, April 9, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Maud of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge witnessed the steeplechases of the members of the West Norfolk Hunt. The Hunt Stakes, for light weights over a three-mile course, were won by Mr. A. B. Daniel's brown mare Lady Elvaston, ridden by H. Brereton; in the welter weight race for the Narford Stakes, Mr. F. Knight's Lobengula, rider C. H. Seymour, won in a canter by ten lengths; and Mr. G. Hoare's black mare Rosabelle, ridden by A. Dunham, carried off the prize in the Farmers' Steeplechase. In the race for the King's Lynn Stakes there was a general refusal of the horses, at first, to leap the fences, but three of them were got over, and the winner was Mr. Bletsoe's Old Times, carrying 12 st. 10 lb. weight, ridden by M. B. Bletsoe. The two Princesses drove down to see the big water-jump; and their Royal Highnesses, with a Kodak camera, afterwards took photographs of the winnings in the paddock, and of the start in the last-mentioned race. It is a pity that Old Times could not understand how highly he was honoured by this graceful compliment at the hands of the illustrious ladies.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

Most grown-up playgoers may be too sophisticated to enjoy a fairy tale presented to them not as a Christmas extravaganza, but as a drama. For that reason "Once Upon a Time," at the Haymarket, does not please everybody. The old story of Hans Christian Andersen about the vain and self-willed monarch who was taught sense and reason and manly fortitude makes a very pretty fable on the stage. Herr Fulda's play, which Mr. Tree and Mr. Louis Parker have adapted, has a political significance of no value to an English playgoer, but, apart from this, the piece is fresh and graceful. It gives Mrs. Tree an opportunity she rarely has for the display of a purely romantic charm. Her spontaneous gaiety and girlish candour are delightful. Miss Julia Neilson looks magnificent, especially in the warlike raiment which gives her an air of a very young and fascinating Britannia. Mr. Fred Terry has seldom acted so well as in the part of the supposed tailor who pretends to have made a magic robe for the king which shall test the fidelity of the courtiers. Mr. Tree enters into this fantasy with great spirit. And a very agreeable fantasy it is if you are not too modern to take pleasure in a moral which comes from a nursery tale. In this case the old-fashioned imagination has a distinct advantage over the emancipated fancy.

OCKLEY, IN SURREY.

Six or seven miles south-west of Dorking, and close to the Sussex border, lies Ockley, near the grand range of highlands that attains on Leith Hill an elevation of more than 900 ft. The lordship of Ockley, anciently, was bestowed on the Clares, one of whom became Earl of Gloucester, and it afterwards passed to the Despencers, notable for the fate of the unlucky favourite of Richard II. at the end of the thirteenth century. In later times, Ockley Court was the residence of successive good families of rural gentry, the Lee Steeres, the Calverts, the Eversheds, and from 1751 to 1778 of an eminent London physician, Dr. Frank Nicholls. The church, built of stone and rubble, and dedicated to St. Margaret, contains some of their monuments, and its burial-ground is shaded with yew-trees. On the village green is a well, covered by a small edifice of gables, supported by pillars, the donor of which, Miss Jane Scott, who also founded the village school, was a good Christian lady with little wealth and no high rank, governess to the Arbutnot family of Elderslie. The ancient farm-house of the manor is a quaint half-timbered building nearly four centuries old.

A DESERTER ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

The two great military empires of Eastern Europe are Russia, with a standing army on the peace footing of 382,648 infantry, 84,926 cavalry, 72,664 artillery, 19,325 engineers, and 35,130 of the train; and Austria-Hungary, with a total of 326,000 soldiers in ordinary times. The latter having a land frontage of 4350 miles, in which the borders of Galicia, Lodomeria, and Bukowina lie adjacent to Russian provinces on the Vistula and the Dniester, it may readily be understood that the Austrian military outposts need to exercise constant vigilance for the exclusion of intruders who desire to escape compulsory service in the army of the Czar. In Russia, every year, 260,000 men, at the age of twenty-one, are taken for service during five years in the active army; while the remaining youths of that age, numbering 600,000, are enrolled for thirteen years in the reserve force, or in the "Zapas," liable to active service for five years.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Would it be considered very hard-hearted and unsympathetic if I candidly owned up and honestly declared that I cannot, for the life of me, screw out a pang of pity for poor Mrs. Lessingham? I am sure she must have suffered very terribly, and acutely felt the misery of her position, or she would not have followed the feminine fashion on the stage, and committed suicide: but ordinary common-sense people, carefully reviewing the past life and conduct of this mournful lady, will probably register the uncomfortable verdict of "Served her right!" Just consider what Mrs. Lessingham does anterior to her suicide. Dissatisfied with her husband, and finding that he is not a candidate for the society of "souls," she seeks consolation from a handsome young barrister. It is she who, by her arts and wiles, makes her platonic friend a vicious man. She runs away from her husband, and takes the sympathetic barrister to Algiers, where they live as man and wife until they both get sick and tired of one another. They agree to part, and part they do. Mrs. Lessingham departs into space, perhaps to be reunited to the husband she has deceived, perhaps to repent of her past misdeeds. The

unsullied as his innocent wife, and she expresses supreme pity, sympathy, and consideration for a woman whose conduct has been quite as atrocious and heartless as that of her paramour. The girl bride ultimately persuades her fiancé to give her up, and to marry the mistress with whom he has had no communication for five years, and it is solemnly argued by our young authoress that this is a righteous proceeding. Having married her lover to her rival, the young moralist proceeds to put herself as a serious temptation in the way of the sulky husband, by asking Mrs. Lessingham and her lord down to Scotland to shoot. Naturally, on the very first opportunity the barrister, who is once more bored to death with Mrs. Lessingham, makes violent love to the girl he ought to have married. Mrs. Lessingham overhears the love declaration, and she "goes out" like the lady in Browning's "On a Balcony." In fact, she commits suicide in the old conventional manner, *coram populo*. The only new feature of the suicide is that it is nearly interrupted by a talkative little American boy who comes in to ask for a game at a very inconvenient moment.

It is needless for me to point out, when conventionality is supposed to be the original sin of dramatists, that the female suicide is about the most conventional and played-out

suppose, with what is called a note of interrogation; for I cannot quite tell, even at this minute, if Lady Anne intends to marry the relieved and released barrister or his good-hearted and common-sense little friend, so admirably acted by Mr. John Hare. I expect she says, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!" Mr. Forbes Robertson is as excellent, if not more excellent, than ever—passionate, proud, manly, and natural. The wonder is that such a man could ever be persuaded by any amount of sophistry to marry such a woman. Miss Kate Rorke seems doomed by authors and authoresses to force on our attention types of aggravated virtue. She is so sincere that she almost persuades us that women ever do think or act as we are told they do. The play seemed to hold its audience in the bonds of interest. I may be utterly wrong; but it is not my view of life at all.

THE FUNERAL OF KOSSUTH.

On Sunday, April 1, the body of the great Hungarian patriotic orator and statesman, Louis Kossuth, was laid in its tomb at Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, with enthusiastic public demonstrations of reverence and popular affection. Having arrived from Turin on the preceding



THE FUNERAL OF KOSSUTH AT BUDA-PESTH, HUNGARY.

awakened barrister returns to his neglected briefs and business in the Temple, keeping for five long years the tobacco-jar from which his mistress had so often filled his legal pipe. There is surely a certain statute of limitations in love affairs. The barrister draws it at five years. If a woman with whom you have parted by mutual and amicable agreement five years ago does not put in an appearance or make any claim on you, it is surely not so very dreadful if the man, still in the heyday of youth and vigour, falls in love with another woman. This is, at any rate, what the young barrister does, and he is on the very eve of marriage with a charming girl when a woman, veiled from head to foot in crape, turns up at the barrister's chamber. She is not a client coming to consult him, but the lost Mrs. Lessingham, in deep mourning for the man she is supposed to detest and execrate, come to ask the barrister to "make an honest woman of her." She had years ago made a dishonest man of the barrister, and now he is to turn the other cheek and whitewash the widow. The barrister does not like the notion at all. He shows Mrs. Lessingham very plainly that he does not care one snap of the fingers for her, but that he is deeply attached to the girl he has promised to marry. But that does not make the slightest impression on Mrs. Lessingham. The more her old lover snubs her the more ardent she becomes. Who then is to decide the matter? By all that is strange and wonderful, it is decided by the young girl who is on the eve of her marriage. She is fully inoculated with the new doctrine that a man must come to the altar as

method of ending a play that can be conceived. We have had ladies who inhale poisoned bouquets, ladies who take morphia, strychnine, or opium, ladies who leap over sofas in the agonies of death, ladies who swooningly die on beds, on easy chairs, on sofas; and, to tell the truth, the stage suicide has recently been a bit overdone. The other day I saw a play at a matinée where an actress committed suicide on the stage in order to justify her lover, a dramatic author, in upholding the unhappy ending. The good lady was such a purist that when the manager insisted on the play ending happily, the conscientious actress positively killed herself sooner than that the beautiful play should be spoiled. With Sarah Bernhardt fresh in the memory, it is scarcely possible that any new thing can be said or done in the matter of stage deaths. Adrienne, Frou-Frou, Camille, Fedora, Theodora have all presented us with pictures more or less beautiful or painful. Sometimes the poison is at work when the distracted woman is praying to live, sometimes life is strong when the suicide is praying to die. Miss Elizabeth Robins has given us no new view of the matter. She plays the part with due earnestness and sincerity, and though her intention is finer than her method, there is a comic aspect in this death which need not be insisted on. That interfering boy, ought to be omitted, for the best actress in the world could not combat that opposition. But, for all that, Mrs. Lessingham is a long time dying, and she does not carry to her grave very much sympathy from an interested audience. This curious play ends, I

Friday, it lay in state at the National Museum, and was visited by many thousands of persons, some bringing floral wreaths, until the appointed hour on the Sunday morning for the funeral procession. A brief funeral service was held in the hall of the Museum, and speeches were delivered by the Deputy-Mayor of Buda-Pesth and by M. Moritz Jokai, who spoke in the name of the Hungarian Parliament. The street procession was then formed. The hearse was preceded by a cavalcade, and by twenty cars laden with flowers. It was accompanied by a guard of honour composed of Honved veterans who fought under Kossuth in 1848. The pall-bearers were leading public men of Hungary. There were deputations from the two Houses of Parliament under their Vice-Presidents, Count Theodore Andrássy and M. Joseph Szlavay. The members of the Cabinet were not present. The funeral car passed along amid the dead silence of an immense multitude assembled along the line of the procession. Behind it walked the sons of the deceased, followed by members of the Reichstag, the Municipal Council of Buda-Pesth, deputations from the municipalities of nearly all the Hungarian counties and cities, and delegates from more than one thousand different societies. Twelve Masonic lodges were represented, with their banners, the delegates wearing sprigs of acacia in their buttonholes. A select party of about one hundred of the principal representatives was admitted to the cemetery. Speeches were delivered before the coffin was lowered into the grave. Notwithstanding the immense concourse of spectators, there was no disorder.



"GOOD-BYE!"—BY E. K. JOHNSON.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at the Villa Fabbriotti, on Monday, April 9, received the Sindaco and Giunta Municipale of Florence, and thanked them for the kind attentions of the civic authorities and all classes of the citizens during her sojourn there. The Duke of Aosta has repeatedly visited the Queen, and the British Ambassador, Sir Clare Ford, has been in attendance. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is at Florence.

The Queen is to arrive at Coburg on April 16, for the wedding, on the 19th, of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg and Edinburgh, her grandchildren. The Empress Frederick and the Kings of Saxony and Württemberg are expected at Coburg about the same time. The Emperor William will be there on the 18th, and will stay till the 21st.

The chief guests invited to the wedding will include, in addition to the Queen, the Emperor William, the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Russian Grand Dukes and Duchesses Vladimir and Sergius, Princes Henry and William and Princess Alix of Hesse, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and Princes and Princesses Philip of Coburg, Aribert of Anhalt, and Henry and Louis of Battenberg. All these have accepted the invitation, and will be present at the ceremony.

After the wedding, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his bride will go the Château of Rosenau, in the suburbs of Coburg, and will next day travel to the Grand Duke's shooting seat of Kranichstein, near Darmstadt, and will thence enter Darmstadt in state.

The German Emperor William II., after his meeting with the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary on the shore of the Adriatic, left Pola, on board the German frigate Moltke, and arrived at Venice on Saturday, April 7, where he was received by King Humbert of Italy, with his nephew the Duke of the Abruzzi. He was entertained at the royal palace, and visited St. Mark's Cathedral, the arsenal, and the Italian ironclad war-ship *Volturmo*, and inspected the Sicilia, a new ship building in the dockyard. In the evening, the King and the Emperor passed in a gondola through the Grand Canal, which was thronged with gondolas and other boats, and there was an aquatic procession, with music and illuminations of the buildings. On Sunday evening there was a State banquet, followed by a gala performance in the theatre of La Fenice. Their Majesties on that day visited the Doges' Palace and the church of Santa Maria dei Frari, after separately attending divine worship.

Next day, the King of Italy, bidding farewell to the German Emperor, travelled to Florence, and reached that city early on Tuesday morning. He was there met by the Duke of Aosta, and Queen Margherita, with the Prince of Naples, joined him at the Pitti Palace, from Rome, some hours later. In the afternoon, their Majesties went, in semi-state, to visit Queen Victoria at the Villa Fabbriotti; and at five o'clock, when they had returned to the city, our Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, drove to the Pitti Palace to call on the King and Queen of Italy, but stayed with them only half an hour. Her Majesty lunched with them next day at the Pitti Palace.

The Prince of Wales arrived in London, returning from the Continent, on Thursday evening, April 5, and next day joined the Princess of Wales at Sandringham, where Lord Rosebery was his guest. The Prince stayed until Monday afternoon, and then came to London. His Royal Highness goes to Coburg for the wedding of his niece and nephew.

It is announced that the Queen will, on or about May 21, open the Manchester Ship Canal, with the royal yachts *Victoria* and *Albert*, and *Alberta*; the Prince of Wales may also be present. His Royal Highness will be invited to open the new Tower Bridge in London, as soon as may be convenient after June 14.

The Duke of York, who was the guest of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle on the night of April 4, next day visited Newcastle-on-Tyne and opened the new Rutherford College. This institution, which provides accommodation and instruction for 2000 students, intermediate between the elementary schools and University teaching, is named after the late Dr. Rutherford, who originated schools of the kind in 1870. The buildings have cost about £20,000. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Earl Percy, Lord Warkworth, and Lord Armstrong, was received by the Mayor of Newcastle, Alderman Quin, and other members of the municipal corporation, by whom he was presented with an address. Councillor Blakey, who has taken an active part in the affairs of Rutherford College, was prevented by illness from being present on this occasion.

The Duchess of Teck, on Tuesday, April 10, laid the foundation-stone of a new parish room connected with St. Clement's Church, East Dulwich.

The election for the Wisbech division of Cambridgeshire

resulted in favour of the Hon. Arthur Brand (Liberal) by a majority of 136, Mr. G. Stopford Sackville, the Conservative candidate, polling 4227. In Mid-Lanarkshire, on April 5, Mr. James Caldwell (Liberal) was elected by 3965 votes against 3635 for Colonel Harington-Stuart, the Conservative, while the Labour candidate, Mr. Smellie, polled 1221.

The Committee of Convocation of London University on the proposals of the Gresham University Commission takes strong objection to them, and recommends Convocation to protest against the withdrawal of the charter of London University, reaffirming its desire that power should be conferred on the University to make extended provision for teaching. A full meeting of Convocation was held on Tuesday, April 10, and it was resolved that a joint committee of the Senate and Convocation should consider the whole subject.

At the first meeting of the University Court of the new Welsh University, held in the Privy Council Chamber, Downing Street, Lord Rosebery presided. Mr. Acland, Vice-President of the Council, referred to the success which had attended the movements for University colleges and for intermediate education. Lord Aberdare was elected chairman, and Dr. Isambard provisional secretary.

The Secretary of State for the Home Department has made nominations to the two fresh appointments of female inspectors of factories and workshops which were recently authorised, and has also filled the additional appointments of assistants to inspectors of factories.

By a fire on April 5, at some buildings occupied by a firm of general contractors on the riverside at Woolwich, three large structures used as granaries and stores were wholly or partially destroyed, and some damage was done to adjoining property.

The Lord Mayor of London has accepted an invitation to visit the Antwerp Exhibition in the first week of August,

In South Africa, Sir Henry Loch is about to retire from the Governorship of the Cape Colony. The complete annexation of Pondoland has now been peacefully effected, and the chiefs and people are quietly submitting to the new administration under the Cape Government. The area of the territory is about 4000 square miles, and the population is estimated at 170,000.

The report made by the late Sir Gerald Portal, Special Commissioner, upon the affairs of Uganda, dated Nov. 1 at Zanzibar, has now been issued. It appears that Sir Gerald Portal did not recommend that the British Government should undertake the direct administration of Uganda, but that this should be left to the native King and chiefs with a British Commissioner, having a staff of thirteen British officers and a force of five hundred Soudanese soldiers to ensure the safety of Europeans; and who would also have to assist in repelling the invasion of any foreign enemy; to prevent and suppress civil war and rebellion, whether religious or otherwise, if the King is unable to deal with such rebellion; to collect customs duties; to encourage commerce, and to repress slavery and the slave trade. He should not interfere in the details of the administration of the country, except where Europeans or other foreign subjects are concerned, or in any cases of gross cruelty, injustice, or slave-trading. Neither the Commissioner nor any of his officers should be allowed to engage in trade either on their own behalf or in the name of the Government. It should be their chief object to encourage independent and private trade. They should have control of the transport service from Kikuyu to the lake, effect all possible improvements in the means of communication, and exercise a complete supervision over Arab, Swahili, and European caravans travelling through the country. A railway should be made from the coast to Kikuyu, which would cost £50,000 a year, and two small steam-boats should be placed on Lake Victoria Nyanza. The expenses of the proposed establishment in Uganda are estimated at £28,000 a year.

The political and administrative powers of the Imperial British East Africa Company would be abolished.

BIBLE FOR THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

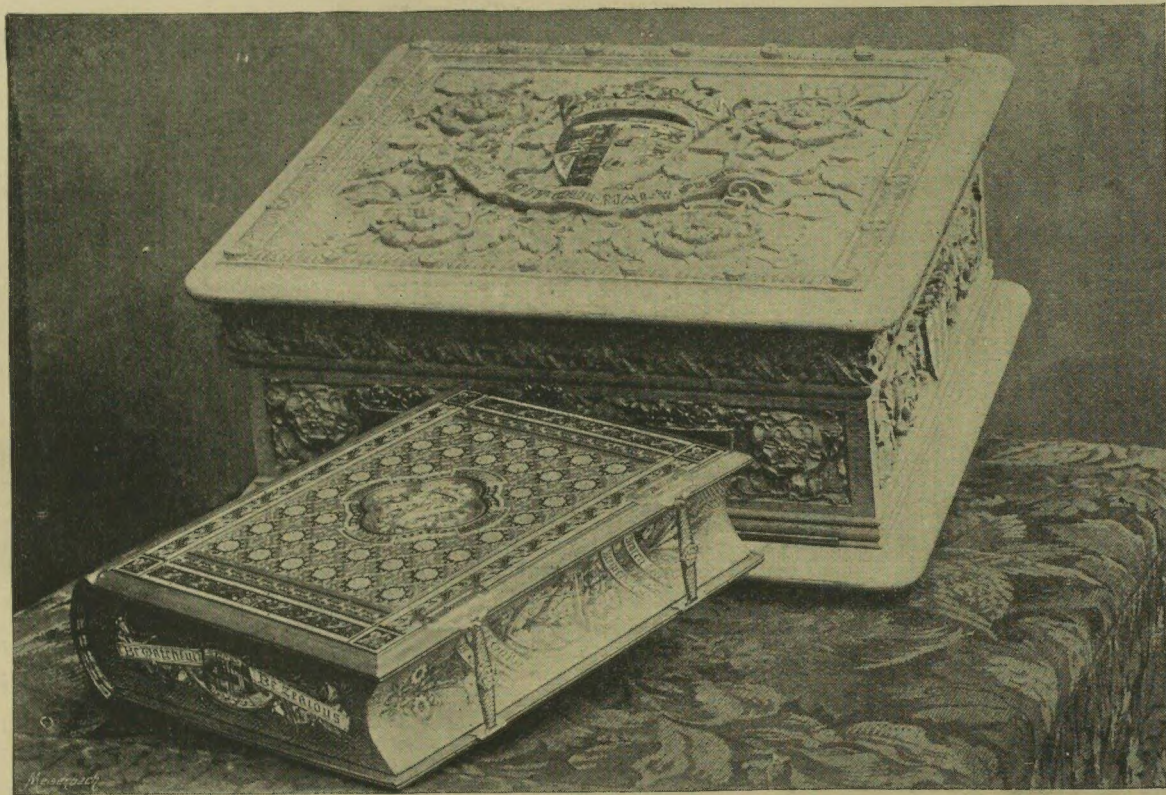
On Monday, April 2, the Hon. Louisa Kinnaird, on behalf of the Young Women's Christian Association and many other Women of the United Kingdom, presented to the Duchess of York a Bible and casket, with a book containing the names and addresses of all the subscribers, and a book-marker ribbon, as their wedding gift to her Royal Highness, who graciously accepted this token of loyal affection. The Bible is a copy of Bagster's miniature quarto edition, with references, notes, maps, and charts. Its binding, in the style of the end of the fifteenth century, is of royal purple morocco, inlaid with rich diaper, crimson and cream; it is adorned with ecclesiastical emblems embossed in gold, and, with the clasps, the monogram "V.M." and the coronet are of gold, pierced and engraved.

The edges of the volume are illuminated in front with the monogram and coronet, and on a scroll, above and beneath, are the sentences: "Search the Scriptures," "Thy Word is Truth," "God is Love," and "God is Light," and "Be watchful," "Be zealous." There are richly illuminated vellum pages bearing the record of the dedication. The casket to hold this volume is of carved British oak, by Messrs. Rattee and Kett, of Cambridge, and is of exquisite workmanship. The preparation of the whole was entrusted to Messrs. Houghton and Gunn, who have produced a very beautiful example of its kind.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria (West End) and London Bridge (City) Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road Station), changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until ten p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 16 and 17, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations. Tickets to the Downs Station may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakin's Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race-days, a special train for horses will leave Newmarket on Monday and Tuesday, April 16 and 17, at 7.45 a.m., via Liverpool Street and the East London line, direct to Epsom, arriving at 11.10 a.m.



BIBLE AND CASKET PRESENTED TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK BY THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

accompanied by the Sheriffs and attended by the state officials.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has been invited by the Coachmakers' Company to accept their honorary freedom as a mark of the great service she has rendered to the carriage-building industry by providing technical classes at the Westminster Technical Institute, Vincent Square.

The City of London School for Girls, built under the bequest of Mr. Ward, at the rear of the Guildhall School for Music on the Victoria Embankment, is now almost completed. The site has been given by the Corporation, and the building, with fittings, will cost in all about £18,000.

Another dynamite outrage was perpetrated in Paris on April 4, in the evening, at Foyot's restaurant, Rue de Condé. A tin box containing binitro-benzine, with bullets, nails, and scraps of iron and percussion-caps, was placed in a flower-pot on the window-sill. It exploded, and severely injured M. Laurent Tailharder, a young literary man who writes for the *Figaro*. A lady who was dining with him was not hurt, but the waiter suffered much, being hit by the fragments in the neck, breast, and head. Similar outrages have been attempted in Bohemia; at the town of Przemysl, where the explosive apparatus was placed in the Cathedral; and at Nachod, where a local manufacturer was the intended victim.

The party of the Opposition in the Newfoundland Legislature have presented a memorial to the Governor protesting against the dissolution of the Legislature by the Government party, and contending that it is merely a device of the Ministerialists to avoid trial of the charges of electoral bribery and corruption preferred against some of their number.

At a public meeting held at the Calcutta Townhall, resolutions were passed protesting against the exclusion of cotton goods from the Tariff Act, complaining of the Secretary of State overruling the recommendation of the Government of India, and adopting a petition to the House of Commons.

PERSONAL.

So Sir Richard Temple is about to retire from Parliamentary life. There will be mourning in many mansions. Sir Richard has been the *preux chevalier* of many a party of fair visitors to the House of Commons. On a fine afternoon in the season he is generally surrounded by a fascinating bevy, much as Mr. Punch used to be represented in Leech's drawings. Moreover, Sir Richard writes a weekly Parliamentary letter for the edification of his constituents. Who will spread this feast of reason for Surrey households when he lays down the pen? A more indefatigable legislator never lived. He has taken part in more divisions than any of his Parliamentary contemporaries, friend or foe. The party Whips will miss him sorely, and to the House at large his withdrawal means the loss of an inexhaustible source of geniality and courtesy.

An important but unassuming official has quitted public life. This is Mr. George Brown, the Speaker's train-bearer. For thirty years Mr. Brown has discharged the duties of his post, and he is now compelled to retire by the effects of overwork. It may be wondered what there is in the occupation of a train-bearer to break down his constitution, but the fact is that Mr. Brown has had to spend fourteen hours a day in the House of Commons. It is incumbent on the train-bearer to be at his post at ten in the morning, and remain there till the House rises. Mr. Brown's predecessor was Mr. Bailey, who also held the office for thirty years. Mr. Brown has figured in many pictures of the Speaker's majestic walk from the robing-room to the House; but the function of train-bearer makes little impression even on an eye educated in the picturesque.

Lord Rosebery has made an excellent appointment in sending the Hon. and Rev. J. W. Leigh, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, and Hon. Canon of Worcester, to fill the vacant Deanery of Hereford; for he has all the qualifications possessed by the late Dean Herbert, and will worthily uphold the traditions of Hereford. He is the third son of the late Lord Leigh, was born in 1838, and educated first at Harrow, then at Trinity, Cambridge. Since ordination the new Dean's experiences have been singularly varied. He was—as was fitting in the Leighs' county—a curate among the nailers at Bromsgrove, the vicar of a rural parish in Warwickshire, and then a voluntary worker among the negroes in Georgia, where his wife's family on her father's side had estates. Afterwards he came home to Stratford-on-Avon, whence he removed to Leamington, and in 1883 to St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. The new Dean, if in some respects a High Churchman, also has Broad sympathies. He has for some time been an acknowledged leader in the Church of England Temperance Society, and a trusted friend of every sound movement for social reforms. Cultivating friendly relations with Non-conformity, he is still a firm believer in the vitality and mission of his Church. Few clergy have been in higher repute as practical men, as hard public workers, or as true friends of the community. The new Dean married, in 1871, a daughter of the late Fanny Kemble.

M. de Blowitz appears to have made a practice all his life of putting conundrums to crowned heads. He relates that he once submitted this poser to King Humbert: "If you and the Pope should meet on a Roman highway what would happen?" The King of Italy fenced with the question, but when it was pointed out to him that to receive the Pope's benediction he would have to leave his carriage and kneel, he remarked drily that the Roman thoroughfares were too narrow for that ceremony, and "changed the conversation." M. de Blowitz ought to publish another book about his talks with monarchs, and call it "Posers to Princes."

Miss Ellen Terry has attained a new dignity. She is a grandmother. Her son, Mr. Gordon Craig, who was a little boy at the Lyceum only the other day, has raised her to this honourable estate. The playgoers who will behold her again at the Lyceum this week will scarcely credit the news. There is nothing grandmotherly in the appearance of the actress who is once more about to charm London as Margaret in "Faust." Time lays a light hand on some popular favourites. Sarah Bernhardt has been a grandmother for some years, but most people have forgotten it.

The revelations of Mr. Sweeney—better known as "Scott"—are curious and entertaining. He relates the story of Cecil Hambrough's death, and scoffs at the theory of murder. Why, then, did Mr. "Scott" run away? "Because I had not the moral courage to do the right thing at the right moment." "You," he says in effect, addressing the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "would have done the same thing." When he heard a warrant was out against him, he became more alarmed than ever, and could think of nothing but disguises and hiding-places. Now, it is quite easy to understand that Mr. "Scott" had not the moral courage to face what he calls a ridiculous charge, but he is a little hard on the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some of them, we venture to think, would not have gone through the adventures which make an

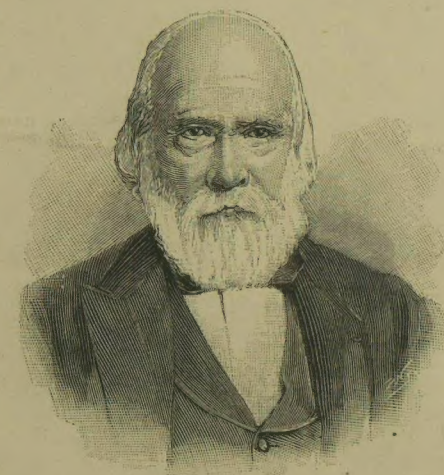
interesting bit of melodrama, but are as unreasonable as that sort of entertainment usually is.

Mr. David Powell, who for a second term has been elected this year to fill the office of Governor of the Bank of England (a year memorable in the annals of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as during that period she will celebrate her two-hundredth birthday), is a member of the well-known Leadenhall Street firm of Cotesworth and Powell. Mr. Powell has made himself very popular during the time that he has been associated as director, Deputy-Governor, and Governor, with the fortunes of the Bank of England, and is esteemed as an excellent man of business, and an upright and courteous gentleman. The Governor of the Bank possesses an excellent presence, being a remarkably fine and handsome-looking man—the striking appearance of the dark beard and eyes being heightened by the whiteness of his hair. In his tastes Mr. David Powell is distinctly refined and artistic; he is, indeed, a connoisseur in the fine arts, and no mean wielder of the artist's brush. His house in Farm Street, Berkeley Square, is a model of good taste, and full of beautiful *objets d'art*. Mr. Powell's artistic instincts have been carried into his direction of the Bank, many of the offices in Threadneedle Street having assumed under his care quite a different complexion from that which they wore of yore. The Bank shareholders may certainly be congratulated on the election of Mr. Powell to a further term of office, the only regret being that such election is principally due to the illness from which the late Deputy-Governor, Mr. Clifford Wigram, has been and still is suffering.

What is the secret of the rise and fall of London clubs? Two or three old-established institutions at the West-End are very low, if not actually *in articulo mortis*. On the other hand, some of the new clubs are very flourishing, and one particular house is so buoyant that two of its rivals are eager to be taken in and amalgamated. In this case the prosperity is attributed to the feminine invasion. Ladies are admitted all over the club, except the smoking-room. They have given the place a "smartness," in the purely social sense of that much-abused word; which has stamped it as the club to which everybody who wishes to be thought somebody must at any hazard strive to be elected. This is a more striking phase of the woman's movement than the proposal to drill ladies for an ambulance corps.

Herr Dowe, the inventor of the "bullet-proof" coat, has the courage of his convictions. He donned his coat the other day, and put himself up as a target for the German magazine rifle. He was fired at twice, but the bullets were harmless. Then a horse was covered with the "bullet-proof" cloth, which proved equally effectual against the rifle. It might have been thought that the shock of the impact would cause some injury, even if the bullet did not penetrate; but neither man nor horse was any the worse. The animal went on eating as if nothing had happened. This is certainly a decisive test, though the sceptical will still want to know how a rifle-bullet can strike a man without at least upsetting his equilibrium.

The death of Dr. Brown-Séquard was mentioned last week. England, America, and France in turn have



THE LATE DR. BROWN-SEQUARD.
From the Picture by Servatius de Belim.

physicians half a century ago. It must be presumed that our ancestors did occasionally suffer from derangement of the nerves and brain, for some went mad, others were melancholy without reasonable cause, imbecile, demented, or hysterical, and prone to hypnotic delusions. But the why and wherefore of these afflictions seemed in former ages to be a theological problem; and the exorcism of demons by priestly authority, with the application of fire and water, scourging and torturing, to the possessed human body, was preferred to

any investigation of the natural machinery of feeling, thinking, and acting. That the human race has survived all the ill-treatment which it endured in past ages from doctors of medicine and from doctors of divinity is surely a proof that man is a stronger creature, originally, than any of the lower animals, though we are sometimes tempted to envy these for their apparently robust health and vigour; for, if their progenitors had been doctored as ignorantly and unmercifully as ours were, most species of beasts would have long since become extinct.

"Show Sunday," in spite of rumours to the contrary, seems to keep a firm hold on popular favour, Royal Academicians being as strenuously besieged, last Sunday, in their show-houses in St. John's Wood and Holland Park, as in any previous year of memory. Sir Frederick Leighton sends four works to the Royal Academy—"Fatidica," "The Bracelet," "Summer Slumber," and "The Spirit of the Summit." The last-named canvas, being symbolic of the great Ice genius, is represented as a female figure swathed in snowy draperies, who sits triumphant on the peak of a lofty mountain. Mr. Henry Moore's most important essay this year is called "Lowestoft Boats running in a Breeze"; while "Homing" represents some fishing-smacks returning with their catch, and "Outward Bound" gives one of the artist's entrancing studies of open sea, broken by the indication of a solitary ship in the distance. Portraits of note will include Mr. Orchardson's Professor Dewar, Mr. Herkomer's Lord Salisbury, Mr. Fildes' Princess of Wales, in which the Princess is depicted in a square-cut black dress with long pearl ornaments, as she sits facing the spectator; and Mr. Solomon's character-representation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the last act of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mr. Alma-Tadema, once again revelling in his deft manipulation of marble, gives us "At the End of a Joyful Day" and "The Benediction," a small, upright work, representing a Roman bride and bridegroom turning from the altar, where a full-length priestess holds aloft the burning flambeaux. "The Magic Crystal" is the title of Mr. Dicksee's picture, and proves to be a study in orange and purple; while Mr. George Boughton, in a large canvas called "Calumny," presents us with a symbolic figure of Purity and a most unhandsome group of detractors, who leer and gibber from out the confines of a small wood. Mr. Swan's "The Young Orpheus" depicts the moment when Orpheus, having received the lyre from his father, Apollo, resorts to the mountains, and, dancing as he plays on his magical instrument, subjugates the beasts of the forest. A study of an iceberg, and two smaller works called "Ganymede" and "A Daughter of Toil," are Mr. Briton Riviere's contributions to the year; while Mr. Stanhope Forbes will be represented by a large picture called "The Quarry Team" (the artist's first essay at animal-painting) and a smaller study of firelight.

After an illness lasting for some time, the Right Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, died on April 9. His father was a prosperous farmer in county Meath, and the future Bishop was born at Ballybeg seventy years ago. He entered the Benedictine College at Ushaw, Durham, and was ordained in 1847. He became assistant priest at St. Patrick's, Toxteth Park, and did valiant service during the typhus epidemic. He was the only one of the four priests at St. Patrick's who recovered from the dire malady. In 1852 he succeeded Father Walmsley at St. Vincent's Mission, which rapidly migrated from the shed in which it had been previously conducted into a fine church built from Pugin's designs. Ten years later he became Canon of Liverpool Cathedral, and in 1872 he was appointed bishop of the diocese, where he was as popular as he was industrious. Dr. O'Reilly ruled over the largest Catholic see in England, and his life was extremely busy, for he took an active interest in the Liverpool School Board and other movements in that city.



Photo by Vanduyke, Bold Street, Liverpool.
THE LATE DR. BERNARD O'REILLY,
Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool.

Mr. Bonawitz's recent experiment, yclept an "invisible musical performance," is not likely to become very popular with society. A concert-room plunged in Cimmerian darkness, executants who are never seen, an audience denied, save for a few brief moments, the pleasure of mutual observation—these are not precisely the conditions for which the ordinary amateur can be supposed to yearn. And does the idea suggested by Mr. Bonawitz's boyish experiences recommend itself more favourably to the musical enthusiast? We fancy not. It is all very well to quote from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and say, "Whoever sings for me must be invisible." To begin with, the inference, from the nature of the character that uttered the words, is that the poet did not mean them seriously; nor have we ever heard it stated that Goethe shut himself up in a dark closet what time Mendelssohn was playing to him when on his memorable visit to Weimar. Another important point is that music listened to without any sort of disturbing influence to distract the attention—as, for example, at the Bayreuth Theatre—demands executive excellence of the highest order. This, unfortunately, Mr. Bonawitz did not contrive to provide on the occasion of his initial experiment. He may be more successful another time.

"ONCE UPON A TIME," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders.



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AS RITA.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS THE KING.



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS MAGDALENA IN ACT I.



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS MAGDALENA IN ACT III.



By W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE PREACHER AND THE POET.

The following day was a Sunday, and letters are not delivered on Sundays at Harbury Vale; still, those who are in a hurry for their correspondence may obtain it by applying at the village post-office, so that the Rectory folks usually halted there on their way to church. This practice, as a rule, possessed little interest for Veronica, who seldom received a letter on any day of the week; but now she was, for once, rather anxious to hear whether there was anything for her, because she thought it not improbable that her aunt, Mrs. Mansfield, might have written. And her anticipations were verified. A thick, black-edged envelope was handed to her, a similar one was awarded to Mrs. Dimsdale, and as the party resumed its march, to the accompaniment of a noisy peal of bells, each lady perused her missive, Veronica silently, Mrs. Dimsdale with interjectional grunts and subdued expressions of approval.

Mrs. Mansfield's letter to her niece was, as the latter had expected it to be, an invitation. "Mr. Walton tells me that he must see you," this good-natured lady, who had never shared her late brother's peculiar prejudices, wrote, "and of course I shall be only too glad to give you house-room, and to do anything that I can for you. Your position altogether is so extraordinary and so unforeseen that one hardly realises it yet, or sees what steps you ought to take; but I should think your best plan will be to stay with me until things have unravelled themselves a little and some sort of scheme can be formed for your future life. I ought to have answered Mrs. Dimsdale's letter before this: my only excuse is that I have been literally stunned and unable to write to anybody. As I think I told you, it was quite an understood thing that poor Horace was to succeed to the property, and although there had been a coolness of late between him and your uncle, I never for one moment imagined that Samuel would go to the extreme length of altering his will! I cannot help thinking that he must have done it in a moment of mental aberration, and that he would have repaired such an act of injustice if he had lived a little longer. Not that there is the slightest intention of disputing the will, or that I at all grudge you your wonderful good luck—pray don't suppose that, my dear! Still, it is hard upon Horace, who, if he isn't exactly a saint or a Methodist minister, has always been quite as well-behaved as other young men. However, I will tell you all about it when you come. Meanwhile, I am always your affectionate aunt, JULIA MANSFIELD."

"Well, that disposes of one difficulty," Mrs. Dimsdale remarked, in a tone of satisfaction, as she stuffed her letter into her pocket and passed her arm through her niece's. "Very kind and thoughtful of your Aunt Julia, I'm sure, and she writes in the nicest possible way about you. What a mercy it is that you have an Aunt Julia to go to!"

"I have an Aunt Elizabeth who has satisfied my modest requirements pretty well so far," remarked Veronica, smiling.

"Ah, so far! but everything is changed now. I am only a poor old country mouse, and I shouldn't have known in the least how to be of service to you under these altered circumstances; whereas Mrs. Mansfield is a woman of the world, who will be able to tell you exactly what you ought to do. Who is this young Horace, who seems to have been disinherited in your favour? Not a nephew of old Mr. Trevor's, surely? I never heard of his having had a brother."

"Only a distant kinsman whom he adopted, I believe," answered Veronica, "but I really never thought of asking any questions upon the subject." She walked on for some yards,



"Have you been to church?" he inquired.

paying no heed to Mrs. Dimsdale's continuous prattle. Then she exclaimed suddenly: "How odd you are, Aunt Elizabeth! Why should you be so delighted at my having come into all this money? You do not profit by it—not necessarily, at least."

"That remains to be seen," struck in Deborah before her mother could reply. "From what I know of you, Veronica, I should say that the very first use to which you would put your money would be to give some of it away to your friends."

Deborah was a thick-set, red-haired little person, much given to good works, greatly beloved by the poor of the parish, and notorious in her family for the innocent indiscretion of her utterances. She was upon the point of adding something about its being more blessed to give than to receive, when she herself received a doubtful blessing in the shape of a pinch in the fleshy part of the arm from her brother, which caused her to break into a short, sharp squeal.

"Shut up, Deb!" growled Joe under his breath; and Deborah shut up with her accustomed docility, though she was unable to see what she had done to earn this discourteous command.

Mrs. Dimsdale, who was in truth a most unselfish woman, was answering that she rejoiced in her niece's good fortune just as she would have rejoiced in the good fortune of one of her daughters. "And besides," she added cheerfully, "we shall all come and stay with you at Broxham sometimes, if you will have us; and there will be the shooting for Joe, you know, and—"

"Oh, that!" interrupted Veronica, with a quick wave of her hand. "But, Aunt Elizabeth, aren't you at all sorry?—not the least little bit?"

"Sorry, my dear!" ejaculated the good lady; "what do you mean? Now don't, please don't, say that you are! That would be too perverse of you, and it would worry me all through the service, so that I shouldn't be able to fix my mind upon my prayers."

Veronica, therefore, held her peace, and they all went into church.

The Rector preached a very fine sermon that morning. It was not the one to which allusion has already been made, and which had been delivered on the previous Sunday; but it dealt with a kindred subject, and he had chosen for his text "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Veronica, as she always did, listened attentively to her uncle's discourse, every word of which seemed to apply so exactly to her own case that she was inclined every now and then to think he might have dealt a little more mercifully with her. He began by confessing frankly, on behalf of himself and humanity at large, that riches are what we all desire. As a matter of theory, we may be willing to admit that there are other good things—health, for example—which rank infinitely higher; but as a matter of practice, at least nine-tenths of us devote our brains, our energies and the best part of our lives to the acquisition of wealth. When we acquire it, if we ever do acquire it, we probably find that it has not been worth all that trouble. But the Rector said that he did not, for the moment, wish to dwell upon that aspect of the question; what he wished to emphasise was the enormous power of money and the consequent responsibility attaching to those who possessed it. To say that wealth rules the world was, he declared, a mere truism, and he proceeded to show how the peace of Europe was now in the keeping, not of Emperors, Kings, Chancellors or Parliaments, but of certain eminent financiers whom he did not name and of whom the majority of his hearers had most likely never heard. And what was true of the world was true, he urged, of all communities, large and small. Whether we liked to acknowledge it or not, the fact remained that we all respected a rich man—respected him not for any talent or perseverance that he might have displayed in enriching himself, but simply and solely because he was rich, because he had houses, lands, horses, flowers and other luxuries which belong only to the few. We allowed him to dictate to us upon social matters; we were gratified when he condescended to seek our friendship; we recognised him, in short, as our superior. "And so, in actual truth, he is," added the preacher. "He can accomplish what it would be vain for us even to attempt; his power, for good or evil, is as much greater and wider than ours as the power of his Creator is greater and wider than his own; isolated by reason of a power of which it is impossible for him to divest himself, he learns—or fails to learn—the secret of that sadness which has ever been discernible upon the countenances of those who bear rule and are obeyed."

Then, of course, it was easy to point out how the rich man, between the horns of a dilemma, was a less enviable being than he might appear at first sight. Either he realised his position, realising at the same time that he must not look for much happiness in this world, or he did not realise it—in which case his prospects, for the next could hardly be contemplated without a shudder. Mr. Dimsdale had eloquence and a vibrating, sympathetic voice; he always conveyed the impression of being very much in earnest; when he had worked himself up to the requisite pitch of emotion, his subject commonly swept him off his legs, and the ideals he was wont to set up at such times were, perhaps, a shade too lofty for human attainment. At any rate, by the time that he had made an end of explaining what a rich man's duties were, and how exceedingly unlikely any rich man was to fulfil them, one at least of his audience was disposed to add a fresh petition to the Litany—"From battle, murder and sudden death, and from a sudden accession of fortune, good Lord deliver us!"

But the fresh air and the sunshine outside, together with the somewhat irreverent comments of the Rector's only son, were not without a bracing effect upon Veronica's flagging spirits.

"I regard that sermon as a gross outrage upon good taste," Joe declared. "If he had told you in so many words that it was your bounden duty to restore the chancel and put

a new roof on the church, he couldn't have expressed his meaning more plainly. I am quite ashamed of him, and, in the unavoidable absence of the reverend gentleman, I beg to offer you a full apology. Personally, I may say that, while we congratulate you upon having succeeded to a pot of money, and are convinced that you will make a wise use of it, we wish to goodness it hadn't been quite such a large pot. Because, you see, we don't want to lose you."

"Thank you, Joseph!" exclaimed Veronica gratefully; "you always know how to say the right thing."

"I can when I like," answered Joe, with quiet complacency.

"And you really will miss me a little? Aunt Elizabeth doesn't seem to think that my departure will cause any perceptible blank in the household."

"You know very well that you will be missed," said Joe.

"I wouldn't be morbid if I were you. Take example by me. Ain't I bearing up like a man, in spite of everything? Not that I am going to stay on here without you. No, thanks! I shall be off to Australia or the Cape or the Western States of America as soon as possible."

"You forget that you are going to be my land-agent," observed Veronica, smiling.

"I am not sure that you will want one, my dear; and if you did, I should be hardly ready to accept the situation for a year or two. But let's make the best of things. We shall meet again some day, when we are old and uninteresting, and 'when the glow of early thought has declined in feeling's dull decay.' That isn't the sort of poetry that you admire, though—and, by Jove! here comes the sort of poet whom you do admire. Farewell to the present—I'm off! There isn't room for me and him in one small meadow."

If Veronica admired the tall, spare, elderly gentleman who was sauntering towards her along the river bank, and who removed his wideawake hat, disclosing a fine crop of curly grizzled hair, on her approach, she was by no means alone in so doing. Cyril Mostyn's niche in the Temple of Fame had been won many years before by the refined and scholarly verses which he continued to publish at rare intervals; as a critic he was perhaps even better known than as a poet, while his social pre-eminence was all the more an established fact because he had never taken the slightest trouble to earn or retain it. At the age of fifty, or thereabouts, he was still a singularly handsome man; he knew everybody worth knowing, literary, scientific, political and fashionable, and when he occupied his comfortable bachelor quarters in London, he dined out every night of his life. Latterly, however, he had taken to spending a great deal of his time at the rustic cottage on the banks of the Thames which he had purchased chiefly with a view to escaping the importunities of his friends.

"Have you been to church?" he inquired, in the low, mellow accents which were counted among his personal attractions.

Mr. Mostyn himself was *parvus cultor et infrequens* of established rites, having indeed written some rather cruel and incisive essays upon the subject of revealed religion; still, he was to be seen every now and then in places of worship, and he had never publicly abjured Christianity.

"Yes," answered Veronica, "I have been to church; but I don't think I feel much the better for it. Uncle John has made me wretched by preaching a perfectly beautiful sermon to prove the impossibility of forcing a camel through the eye of a needle. And the worst of it is that, all of a sudden and through no fault of my own, I have become a camel!"

"So I hear," Mr. Mostyn observed, smiling and gazing at her. "I should have congratulated you, only I felt quite sure that you would not want to be congratulated. Poor old Trevor! . . . and, still more, poor young Trevor! . . . and, most of all, perhaps, poor you!"

"Oh, it is horrid!" exclaimed Veronica disconsolately. "What could have made him do it!"

Mr. Mostyn shrugged his shoulders. "Lack of self-control," I suppose, he answered. "The young man is not a religious young man, and it was discovered, I believe, that he had been backing horses. Then there was a scene, and a will was made which would probably have been destroyed if there had been time. Authors are not the only people who sometimes put pen to paper unadvisedly."

"The more I think of it all," sighed Veronica, "the more plainly I see that a dreadful injustice has been done, of which I have no business to take advantage."

"But there is no imaginable way in which you can avoid taking advantage of it?"

Veronica laughed. "Oh, yes," she returned; "it is as simple as one of the hard cases in *Vanity Fair*. 'A, a rustic maiden, inherits a large fortune from an aged relative whom she has never seen, and who has always treated B as his heir. B, a well-conducted young man, temporarily estranged from the old gentleman by some trifling difference, would doubtless have been reinstated, had the latter lived a few months longer. A is neither fitted for her new position nor anxious to occupy it. What is A to do? Answer received, adjudged correct—Marry B.'"

"Well," said Mr. Mostyn, smiling, "that would solve a difficulty, no doubt. It only remains to obtain B's assent to the arrangement."

"And B is an unknown quantity."

"Not to me; I have met him several times in London. He is a nice-looking, nice-mannered young gentleman of the approved pattern, and would be quite willing to do anything that he was told, I should think, provided that it was not too unpleasant; and it is obviously superfluous to add—" Here Mr. Mostyn spread out his hands and made a little bow. "At the same time," he resumed, "nothing can be more certain than that, after you had lived with Mr. Horace Trevor for a few months, you would be arranging the terms of an amicable separation. Your husband, my dear Miss Dimsdale, will have to be a literary man; that happens, fortunately or unfortunately, to be indispensable, and I should be very much surprised to hear that young Trevor had opened a single book,

except a sporting novel or a 'Ruff's Guide,' since he left Oxford."

"What is to be done, then?" asked Veronica.

She was in the habit of asking Mr. Mostyn what was to be done whenever she stood in need of counsel; for she had the highest opinion of his wisdom and she had been the recipient of many tokens of his goodwill. The advice that he gave her now, in answer to a more detailed statement of her perplexities than she had as yet vouchsafed to anybody, was certainly sound, so far as it went. He urged her to do nothing in a hurry; he reminded her that responsibility cannot be thrown off, like an extra blanket, simply because it is more comfortable to get rid of it; and for immediate and practical questions he referred her to the lawyers.

"One does not want to be bothered about money," he concluded; "it is a nuisance to have too little of it and a nuisance to have too much. You must expect to be a good deal bothered for the next few months; but after that, I hope, you will be able to turn your attention to more important things again. Have you been stringing any more rhymes together?"

"Yes," answered Veronica, laughing and colouring slightly; "but I am not going to show them to you. You only praise my rubbish because you wish to be kind and encouraging."

"No," Mr. Mostyn assured her gravely, "I don't do that. I never tell polite fibs upon the subject of art, which I take to be the one serious thing in this world of irony and farce and charlatanism. All that I have said to you is that your work shows great promise. Whether the promise will be fulfilled or not depends upon a variety of considerations—your sex and this necessary change in your social surroundings being, to my mind, very much against you. However, we shall see. One thing that I may be able to do for you now is to introduce you to men and women whose chief interest in life is literature. Rubbing up against them will do you good, even if you find them rather disappointing from a conversational point of view."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Veronica gratefully. "I must go now, or I shall be late for dinner. I suppose rich people don't have to dine early on Sundays, do they? At any rate, I know Aunt Julia doesn't, and I know she is always at home on Sunday afternoons. If you should be in London on a Sunday some time, perhaps you would look in upon us."

The great man graciously promised to do so. It was pretty well understood among Mr. Mostyn's fashionable friends that he did not expect to be invited to anything except dinners, and that his presence even at a dinner-party was a favour which demanded suitable acknowledgment; but Veronica Dimsdale was privileged. He had a sort of paternal affection for her, and allowed her to take liberties which children may take with their parents, literary and other.

CHAPTER IV.

VERONICA MAKES INQUIRIES.

The Honourable Mrs. Mansfield was a well-preserved widow of between fifty and sixty, with whom life had gone as smoothly as she had permitted it to go. Absolute unbroken smoothness is, no doubt, repellent to human nature, as being far too monotonous and affording none of those contrasts which enable us to determine whether we are contented or the reverse at any given moment; so this fortunate lady, who had neither husband, nor children, nor monetary worries, nor bad health to distress her, had felt bound during many years to seek out grounds of dissatisfaction for herself, though she had been sometimes hard put to it to discover them. Her brother Samuel, to do him justice, had always been ready to oblige any fellow-creature who might be suffering from lack of causeless annoyance, and there had been frequent differences, attaining almost to the dignity of quarrels, between him and Mrs. Mansfield; but now poor Samuel had departed for scenes where bickering is presumably unknown, and notwithstanding the comfortable little legacy of five thousand pounds which he had bequeathed to his "beloved sister Julia," the latter would have been inconsolable had he not displayed the most considerate inconsideration by disposing of the bulk of his property after a fashion which was enough to make any sensible woman wring her hands in despair. It really was rather hard, at her time of life, to be saddled with the care of a girl who was decidedly odd, probably wilful and quite obviously unfitted to stand alone. One must not shirk such duties, distasteful though they may be. One cannot turn one's back upon one's poor sister's child. One must look forward, with such courage as can be mustered, to endless troubles and vexations. One must expect no thanks, and perhaps very little success; one must endeavour not to think evil of the dead, and to assume charitably that Samuel, when he did a perfectly idiotic thing, was not altogether responsible for his actions. This was what Mrs. Mansfield was saying to herself as she sat before the fire in her pretty drawing-room in South Audley Street awaiting the advent of the niece whom she had summoned. She knew that Veronica was odd, because she had already had the girl to stay with her once—on that occasion when her well-meant attempt to effect a reconciliation between the uncle and niece had fallen through. She anticipated trouble, because—since it was evident that the heiress could not dispense with a chaperon—the finger of fate seemed to point unmistakably towards the person upon whom that function must devolve. And she was dreadfully distressed because poor Horace Trevor, whom she had always liked and tried to befriend, was left out in the cold, without, in reality, having done anything at all to deserve such treatment.

All this did not prevent her from warmly embracing the tall, sable-clad girl who was shown into the room just as it was becoming dark enough to ring for lamps.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed, "I am so delighted to have you with me again! Come and sit down and have some

ten; you must be perished with cold after your railway journey in this bitter wind!"

Veronica surveyed the pretty old lady, whose hair was drawn up high above her forehead, whose diamonds flashed in the firelight and whose slim fingers continued to clasp her own after they had both seated themselves. She had not yet quite made up her mind whether she liked Mrs. Mansfield or not. Certainly, Aunt Julia had been kind, and had written her affectionate letters from time to time; but her kindness had not been of the practical order displayed by the good people of Harbury Vale, nor was there any reason to suppose that the new order of things was welcome to a lady who had always seemed to acquiesce philosophically enough in the sentence of banishment pronounced upon the child of erring parents.

"Aren't you disgusted?" she asked presently.

"Oh, not with you, dear!" Mrs. Mansfield replied, laughing a little. "Of course, I do think it is rather a pity—as much for your sake as for anybody's."

"So do I, I am sure!" agreed Veronica. "Still, we may perhaps hit upon some means of putting matters a little more straight than they are at present. I want you to tell me all about Mr. Horace Trevor; you said in your letter that you would."

Mrs. Mansfield declined to do that upon the spur of the moment. She declared that neither she nor the injured Horace nor anybody else had ever dreamed of attaching the smallest blame to a palpably innocent supplanter, and that, upon the whole, it was a case of least said soonest mended. But later in the evening she was induced to become more communicative. Sitting in the drawing-room with her niece, after a little dinner which had been admirably cooked and served, and in the course of which she had felt moved towards a certain sympathy of intercourse, she narrated the story of the difference that had proved so terribly expensive to the late Mr. Trevor's reputed heir.

"It really was too ridiculous!—the sort of thing that nobody in the world except Samuel would ever have wasted a second thought upon. As if young men didn't bet occasionally! But you know what he was; or rather, perhaps, you don't know."

Next to Roman Catholics, I believe, he looked upon gamblers and what he used to call 'Sabbath-breakers' as being about the most hopelessly wicked beings on earth; so when it transpired that Horace had been to the Grand Prix last year, and had, unfortunately, backed the horse that didn't win into the bargain, there was a fine fuss. Of course, there had been rows before, and for my own part I didn't expect that this one would have more serious consequences than the others, although, now that one comes to look back, it certainly did lead to a rather more prolonged estrangement. You see, Samuel, when he was put out, had a way of saying the most grossly insulting things in Christian phraseology; and Horace, good-tempered as he is, was sometimes provoked to retaliate. He tells me he did use the expression 'damned hypocrisy,' which he ought not to have done; still, I am bound to confess that I myself have more than once accused my brother of the same thing—minus the adjective."

Veronica broke into one of her abrupt fits of laughter, in which Mrs. Mansfield, after a moment of hesitation, joined.

"Not that it is any laughing matter for poor Horace," the latter observed ruefully.

"What is he like?" Veronica asked.

"Well, he is a nice, clean-looking little fellow, with short brown hair and grey eyes and no moustache; there are dozens and dozens of them about. It seems to me that men weren't turned out so exactly after the same pattern when I was young; but perhaps that is a fallacy."

"I didn't mean in appearance," said Veronica.

"Oh, as far as character goes, I think he might be placed

an allowance of five hundred pounds a year; though everybody knows that four per cent. is the very outside that can be obtained upon reasonable security."

"What *could* have made him put me in Mr. Horace Trevor's place?" ejaculated Veronica meditatively. "Did he by any chance think that Nature had intended me to be a country gentleman?"

"My dear, I can't tell you what he thought. He may have had some qualms of conscience about the way in which he treated your poor mother, or he may have nominated you simply because he was in a rage and because he couldn't think of anybody else. Most likely he knew that if he left

Broxham to me I should immediately hand the place over to Horace. But really, when one begins attempting to account for the actions of such a man as Samuel was, the imagination reels!"

Veronica nodded, and asked no more questions that evening. At breakfast the next day, however, she stated quietly that she was going to Lincoln's Inn Fields to see Mr. Walton, as she had not quite made up her mind what to do about her inheritance.

"I don't know that there is very much to be done about it, except to take possession of it when it is handed over by the executors," Mrs. Mansfield said; "and Mr. Walton will call here, if you write him a line. It would be more to the purpose to decide how and where you are to live in future."

"But that will have to depend a good deal upon what Mr. Walton says. I think I had better go to his office; I shall be more sure of securing his undivided attention there."

"When I was young," observed Mrs. Mansfield—"I am sorry to keep on using that phrase, but it is perpetually being forced upon me—it would have been considered most improper for a girl of your age to go off into the City all alone."

"But it isn't considered improper now."

"No, it isn't considered improper now. In some ways you are curiously modern, Veronica; I noticed that when you were here before, and I can't think how you arrived at modernity, living down in the depths of the country. Something in the general atmosphere

of the age, I suppose. Well, if you never do anything worse than hunt up a musty old lawyer in his lair, I shall not feel entitled to remonstrate with you."

So presently Veronica was borne in a swift hansom to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where she was received by a tall, elderly gentleman, who at once set to work to explain the various provisions of his late client's testament.

"I am sure you have made it all most beautifully clear," Veronica said, after several fruitless attempts to check the flow of his discourse, "but what I more particularly wanted to ask you was whether you know my uncle's real motive for disinheriting Mr. Horace Trevor."

"Well," replied the lawyer, smiling; "I believe that he did not approve of young Mr. Trevor's habits."

"But are young Mr. Trevor's habits so very objectionable? I have heard nothing against him so far, except that he sometimes bets and that he once went to the races on a Sunday."



"Shut up, Deb!"

very near the top of his class; though I don't say that that is the very highest class of all. Personally, I have no particular love for immaculate youths; I like them to be just a bit naughty, as long as they are gentlemen; don't you?"

"I like them to be gentlemen," answered Veronica, "and I like them to be of some use in the world—or, at least, to try."

"Well, my dear," returned Mrs. Mansfield, a little sharply, "Horace would have been of great use in the world if he had been allowed to become a country gentleman—which is what Nature intended him to be. So far, he really hasn't had a chance. Samuel forced him to resign his commission in the 23rd Hussars because he said that cavalry officers were a godless crew; then he kept him for several years kicking his heels about in London without any occupation; and now, at last, he cuts him off with a miserable legacy of ten thousand pounds, which, he says in his will, is equivalent to

"As far as I am aware, you could not have heard much more than that against him. I have known Horace Trevor from his boyhood, and I should say that very few young men in his position could show so clean a record."

"Then you agree with me that he has been abominably ill-treated?"

"I would rather not express any opinion as to that, Miss Dimsdale. I think he has been exceedingly foolish, and I have often told him so. Knowing what Mr. Trevor's religious views were, he ought to have had the common sense to abstain from running counter to them; and he has nobody but himself to blame for what has happened. I say nothing about the payment of his debts; the amount was trifling on each occasion, and we all know that young men with expectations are apt to be thoughtless and extravagant. But why the deuce—why in

cousin of mine who has failed for the Army, and whom we propose to send now to a gentleman farmer to study agriculture, so that he may be qualified for a land-agency some day. That, of course, will entail expense; and I have other claims upon me besides."

"I see," answered the lawyer gravely. "Ten thousand pounds is a good deal of money; still, you might, under all the circumstances, assume that your uncle intended to bequeath as much to you. Your purpose, then, as I understand, is to hand over the residue of the personality and the whole of the real property to Horace Trevor?"

"I believe that is what I ought to do; but, as I tell you, I cannot speak quite positively to-day."

"I hope," said Mr. Walton, "you will excuse me for remarking that you are the most extraordinarily unselfish

question of putting wrong right, and he must know that it is. As for the testator's wishes, it is absurd to imagine that he ever meant that will to stand. By tearing it up I am only doing what he would have done if he had lived a little longer."

"Unfortunately, there is no method of ascertaining that. Meanwhile, the property is not yours to deal with; so that you will have time for reflection."

He rose as he spoke—meaning, perhaps, to convey a hint that his time was of value—and held out his hand. "I am sure, Miss Dimsdale," he said, smiling, "that a little reflection will convince you of the impossibility of carrying out your present idea. You will have to hit upon some more feasible scheme for impoverishing yourself."

Veronica went away with an uneasy impression that she had made a fool of herself and had seemed anxious to earn a



VIEWS IN LONDON: TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

the world, I mean—he must needs attend a race-meeting on a Sunday, when every other day of the week was open to him, passes my poor powers of comprehension!"

"Oh, I like him all the better for that," Veronica declared. "If he didn't think he was committing any sin by spending Sunday in that way, he was quite right to have the courage of his opinions. I only wanted to find out whether there was the slightest excuse for his having been deprived of his inheritance. As it is, I shall probably restore it to him. I suppose that can be done quite legally?"

"Oh, yes; you can legally dispose of your property in any way that you may think fit," answered Mr. Walton, looking rather amused.

"Then perhaps you will kindly undertake the business for me when the time comes. I cannot give you positive instructions just yet, because I don't think I ought to act in a hurry, and, in any case, I think I should be justified in keeping part of the money for myself. I believe my uncle meant to leave me something, and I have quite decided to retain a certain amount—ten thousand pounds would be enough, I should think—in order that I may help out a young

person I have ever met during a tolerably long experience of my fellow men and women."

"I can quite understand your thinking so," answered Veronica; "but the truth is that I have no wish at all to be rich. It might be my duty to give up the property to Mr. Horace Trevor even if I wanted to retain it; but, as a matter of fact, I don't. It would be far more of a burden than a satisfaction to me."

"Such as it is, my dear young lady, I am afraid you will have to make the best of it," the lawyer returned, with a short laugh. "The wishes of the testator can hardly be set aside with propriety simply because they do not happen to accord with your own. Moreover, there is another small obstacle which you seem to have overlooked: you have still to reckon with Horace Trevor."

"You think perhaps that he would not accept the property as a gift from me?"

"I don't think about the matter; I am perfectly sure that he would not. And I may add that no gentleman would or could do so."

"I don't see that at all," said Veronica. "It is a simple

character for unselfishness upon very easy and inexpensive terms. Nevertheless, the lawyer had not convinced her. She still felt that she must not profit by an accident and that Horace Trevor must, somehow or other, be reinstated in his rightful position. The only question was how this was to be contrived, in the face of conventional prejudices the cogency of which could not but be acknowledged.

(To be continued.)

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THE HIDDEN TREASURE AT MANDALAY, BURMAH.

Public interest has been directed to the almost forgotten subject of Burmah by the sensational story of the alleged theft of a large portion of the royal treasure by British soldiers. The dying statement of the private of the West Surrey Regiment that he and a comrade, Private William White, had made away with a portion of the regalia is startling enough, but has not taken the authorities so much by surprise as might have been expected. All who were engaged in the campaign of 1885 knew that an immense quantity of valuables had been abstracted from the palace either immediately before or after the British occupation. At the time suspicion largely rested on the Burman Ministers and the maids of honour, and every effort was made to trace the jewels without avail. Now we hear of them after the lapse of nine years through a death-bed confession. From particulars given by a correspondent who was with General Prendergast's force, and who entered the royal palace with the troops, it appears that the keenest interest is being shown by the Indian Government in the matter, and the result of Private White's journey to Burmah, where he has gone to recover the treasures, is anxiously awaited. At the time of the British occupation the orders given by the Government were that the annexation of Burmah should be carried out peacefully and without bloodshed, and every endeavour



KING THEEBAW AND HIS WIVES.

Our Illustrations are from photographs taken by Colonel Graham, of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, and in the possession of Mr. J. D. Pigott, who was Reuter's special correspondent during the campaign. The first shows King Theebaw and his two wives. The Queens are sisters: Supralat, the elder, is seated next the King; Supragee, the younger sister, being on the right of the chief Queen. The order which is shown in the picture as adorning the royal breast is the "Salway" or "Golden Badge." This decoration, which, of course, no longer exists, was only conferred upon two Englishmen—Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Sladen, the late British Resident at Mandalay. The palace, of which we give an illustration, occupies the centre of the city. It is a beautifully carved wooden structure, magnificently gilded, and surmounted by a spire of great height. At the top of the latter is the "Hto," an emblem of royalty and religion. This emblem is said to be adorned with precious stones and metals worth a fabulous sum. This imposing building is literally reared above dead men's bones, as at the time of its erection over fifty persons of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks, were sacrificed, their bodies being afterwards buried under the foundations of the city and the palace. Four of the victims were even buried under the throne itself. The third picture



ROYAL PALACE AT MANDALAY, FROM WHICH THE CROWN JEWELS WERE STOLEN.



MOAT WHERE THE TREASURE IS SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN.

was made by the authorities to obtain the King's submission. For some time Theebaw refused to comply with the demands of the British, and eventually the troops were marched from the flotilla to the palace walls; the guards at the gates were overpowered, the palace was occupied, and shortly afterwards Theebaw abdicated, he and his two wives being subsequently sent off by steamer.

As soon as the King had given his submission, guards were hurriedly placed in the royal rooms to protect the jewels of countless worth which were known to be there. Great, therefore, was the disappointment expressed by all the officers at the comparatively small amount of valuables afterwards found in the palace, and grave suspicions were aroused. Among the missing treasures was a gold calf weighing several hundredweight, as well as a portion of the regalia and quantities of precious stones. The crown is studded with rubies and diamonds and issurmounted by a peacock.



ROYAL SWIMMING-BATH AT MANDALAY, WHICH WAS DRAGGED IN SEARCH OF THE LOST TREASURE.

shows a portion of the palisade and moat surrounding the palace, behind which the missing treasure is said to have been buried by the two soldiers, assisted by Burmese women. The moat, which is shown in the foreground, is 30 ft. broad and very deep; next to this comes a strip of grass, and then the palace wall, which is 18 ft. high. As the result of statements made by natives at the time, portions of this moat were dragged for the purpose of recovering the jewels, but without success. Careful search was also made in the royal swimming bath, which forms the subject of our fourth illustration. Some natives informed the authorities that the jewels were hidden in this tank. The bath, which is attached to the royal palace, is 30 ft. broad and 60 ft. long, and varies in depth from 5 ft. to 10 ft. Nothing resulted from the dragging operations. The structure in the bath is a magnificent floating throne containing a bed on which the King reclined after performing his customary ablutions.

THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Many writers have proclaimed Woman the superior being. Cornelius Agrippa wrote a work in this sense: alas! he also wrote "The Praise of Asses," which throws a doubt on his earnestness. Now, Miss Eliza Burt Gamble, of Detroit, Michigan, in a serious spirit renews the thesis of Cornelius Agrippa in "The Evolution of Woman." From her low opinion of the male sex I infer that "Miss," and not "Mrs.," designates this author. Though very earnest, Miss Gamble strikes one as not being a perfectly fair controversialist, but what controversialist is perfectly fair? Her general idea, beginning with cells and the amoeba, is that the female is the more highly organised, infinitely the less amorous being, and the source of all the kindlier virtues—almost. Once woman held the sway; she lost it under barbaric conditions and those of civilisation, but she is to come to her own again. The female in the lower animals objects to being made love to, and only puts up with courtship from necessity; the male, on the other hand, is always making love, hence he developed a beard, or, if a bird, beautiful feathers. The males fight and "show off"; the females look on and select a pretty and pugnacious mate. The female fastidiousness shows superiority; moreover, her maternal instinct is the source of all social affection and the basis of society. Man would only love and ride away if left to instincts unmodified by feminine refinement. Society (contrary to the opinion of Aristotle) always improves as woman gets more of her own way.

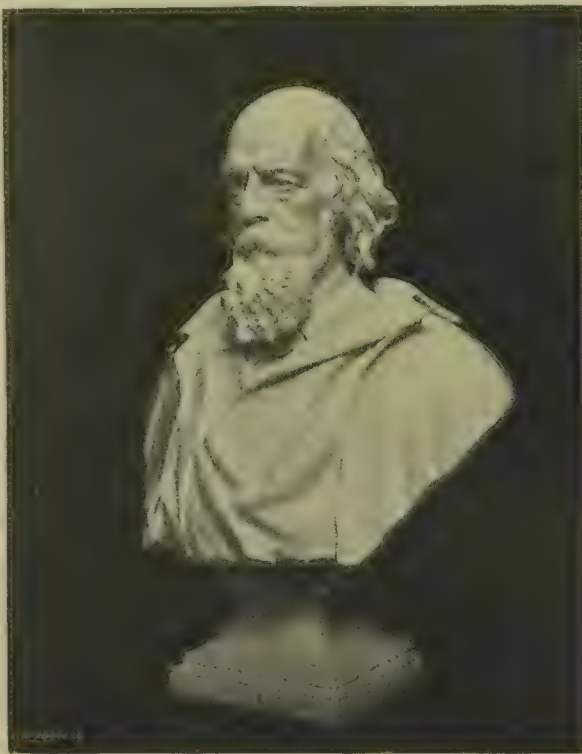
All this is not unfamiliar, and is, in part, probably true. But it hardly follows that the female is the superior being. It takes both sorts to make a world; our world is inconceivable without male and female, and each is superior for its own purpose. Man does the most of the work, woman continues the species, fosters the affections, and secures the permanence of the group, the family, the community. It is a little childish to call either sex the absolutely superior. Superior for what purpose? There is no doubt as to which sex is, physically and mentally, the stronger. There is no doubt that men are the better workers, fighters, poets, painters, musicians, even Mediums, if it comes to that. Miss Gamble may argue that this is because woman has been "sair hadden down" by man, through his physical superiority selfishly exercised. Even modern women, even in things intellectual, are, let us admit, sadly handicapped in various ways, especially in education. But from the days of Miriam, poetry has always been open to woman-kind, and so has music. Yet, of surviving names (with all apologies to Mr. Le Gallienne's lady poets) only Sappho's is great. Miss Gamble rather hankers after a belief in the ancient Amazons. Probably they were, at most, such a female regiment as the King of Dahomey entertains. In war only one woman is great—the immortal Maid; and it was asserted that, in more ways than one, the Maid was not as other women are.

Miss Gamble's chief argument, apart from those already given, is that in a remote and now nowhere extant state of society woman was not only superior, but was acknowledged as the ruler. This leads us to the very origins of society. Thanks to Mr. McLennan chiefly, we no longer trace the origin of human society from the family, husband, wife, and children. There was a time when paternity, whether known or not, was not recognised by customary law. The name of the stock was derived through the woman. If she were a Snake, and if the father were a Turtle, the children were Snakes, avenged Snakes, as against Turtles and others, in the blood-feud, and so on; while the earliest known marriage law was that one Snake might not marry another of the same name and crest. As property accumulated, and life became more settled, paternity was gradually recognised, and stock names were derived through the male name. The modern family was evolved in the bosom of the tribe, which contained many various stocks. The faint remnants of this kind of society survived in the *gens* of Rome and the *yéroc* of Greece. The Scotch clan, again, is the association, under a chief, of all who claim descent from a common, probably a hypothetical, male ancestor.

All this discovery we owe to the late Mr. McLennan. Of this gentleman Miss Gamble speaks with some contempt. The truth is that, being a pioneer in a new science, Mr. McLennan inevitably reached some conclusions which have had to be revised. He had to make his own terminology, and, at first, used "Tribe" on occasions where we should now say "stock" or "totemistic kin." He was only preceded by Bachofen, of whose labours we are ignorant. Bachofen, working on classical myths and traditions, dimly described what he called Gynæocracy, a stage in which woman's superior natural morality made her the innovating, reforming, and governing sex, as she was the permanent element in the group of kin. Miss Gamble clings to a modified Bachofenism, and she is probably in great measure right. But this does not justify her contempt of Mr. McLennan, though Mr. McLennan was occasionally in the wrong. His researches began in an attempt to account, first, for the ceremony of capture in marriage, next for "exogamy," or the universal early prohibition to marry within the recognised kin. He concluded that humanity was, at first (as a general rule), rather promiscuous in its loves. Then female infanticide,

the destruction of *bouches inutiles*, made women scarce. It was, therefore, necessary to steal alien women—hence the ceremony of capture—and what had been a custom became a law. Not only might you steal wives, but you *must*, by capture, purchase, or otherwise, get wives from outside of your own stock. This custom of necessarily "marrying out"—"exogamy"—has been diversely explained. Meanwhile, Miss Gamble will have none of Mr. McLennan. His female infanticide is not demonstrated, and where it occurs Miss Gamble actually supposes that savage mothers had girl babies killed to save them from future capture, "with its degradation and suffering"! (p. 202). Again, Mr. McLennan is wrong in positing universal license, so contrary to female nature: and here, I think, Miss Gamble has more reason on her side. But her cause of exogamy is the mischief of breeding in, which very backward races were not likely to recognise, nor to act on if they did recognise it, while, in fact, they do *not* recognise or act on it at all, as a man may marry his sister on the father's side. Again, the refinement of woman objected to marry near kin. Yet she would marry a half-brother!

The truth is that Mr. McLennan not only first drew general attention to early marriages, and to female kinship as an institution once practically universal, but he also discovered the universality of the totem and its importance. All the early stocks of which we speak not only derived the stock name through the mother, and were compelled to marry out of the stock, but they also inherited through the mother the totem—snake, turtle, tree, plant, or what not—from which they claimed descent and to which they paid worship. And here, probably, we have the real origin of "marrying out." A man or woman might not eat his or her totem, or use its skin, or its oil (if



BUST OF THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

BY F. J. WILLIAMSON.

a tree), or lie in its shade. The sacredness of the totem extended in every direction, and included women. A man bearing the turtle totem might not eat turtle, nor might he marry a woman who was a Turtle. Hence exogamy, not the result of feminine perception of the impropriety of marrying near kin (for a woman would marry her brother on the father's side), nor of the discovery of the evils of breeding in, but merely a part of the totemistic prohibition. This was not Mr. McLennan's own theory, as we saw, but it is a corollary from his original discoveries. The fact is that, as an American patriot, Miss Gamble sides with Mr. Morgan, who had a scientific squabble with Mr. McLennan. Mr. Morgan was an adopted Iroquois, and full of Iroquois but not of general scholarship. He adapted the Roman name of *gens* to savage groups which were not *gentes*, though the *gens* was probably evolved out of similar stocks. Among the Iroquois, a highly advanced American confederacy, he found examples of feminine political supremacy. With very little else but this exceptional case, and ignorant, it seems, of convenient Egyptian facts, Miss Gamble supports her theory of an age of feminine supremacy. Now, woman did bequeath the stock name; descents and totems and the blood-feud were derived through women; but that women ever had, generally, the power attributed to them among the Iroquois, I see no evidence in any state of early society known to me. There was not heritable property enough to give woman this supremacy, granting that property descended through females.

It would be easy to point out many queer proofs of deficient scholarship in Miss Gamble's book, but why make a pedantic use of man's ill-won superior advantages? It is an interesting book, and contains much that is true and not generally appreciated.

BUST OF TENNYSON.

The marble bust of the late Lord Tennyson which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey is the work of Mr. F. J. Williamson, sculptor, who has produced a characteristic likeness of the eminent man and poet, so long dwelling in England as one of the chief living ornaments of this age of our national literature. It seems now to be doubtful whether her Majesty will be advised, in the present generation, to bestow upon any author of verse the distinction of Poet Laureate so worthily borne by him; and there may be some feeling that no other has been called upon, in the same degree, to give expression to public sympathy with the royal family upon occasions which naturally drew forth sentiments of more than ordinary concern for the Queen, as after the death of the Prince Consort. The office of Poet Laureate is, after all, a Court institution, rather than one of broadly national and popular interest; and its tenure has in many instances, especially in the last century, been no sign of a supreme talent for interpreting the inner life of the people. This remark does not indeed apply to Tennyson, as the depth and truth of his ethical conceptions were appreciated by sincere minds of every class, and several of his poems faithfully represent the domestic experiences of the poor and lowly in rank. Still, the poet of the nation and of the age will henceforth scarcely be found in close connection with personal royalty after the present reign, which has already obtained a sufficient meed of contemporary song.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is curious that the Church Missionary Society represents Evangelicals, while the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts represents the High Church. A religious newspaper says that the C.M.S. has assumed the proper title of the S.P.G., and owes no small measure of its success to this. However this may be, the activity of the S.P.G. is very commendable. The income last year was £113,079. The work is now carried on in fifty-four dioceses, while the missionaries preach in fifty-one languages.

Lord Rosebery's nomination of Canon Leigh to the Deanery of Hereford has been well received. The new Dean is Fanny Kemble's son-in-law, and many attractive pictures of his home life may be found in the numerous and not too genial letters published by that lady. Canon Leigh works on good terms with Nonconformists, and is a member of the Liberal Churchmen's Union.

Bishop Reichel of Meath was one of the ablest of the Irish prelates, but he suffered greatly from feeble health. He was able, however, to publish some thoughtful volumes, and he was greatly and generally esteemed throughout the Church of Ireland.

The General Synod of the Episcopal Church of Ireland has closed its twenty-fourth annual session. One or two questions of a contentious character there discussed are worthy of note. A motion to compel the removal of crosses from the communion table or any place in the chancels of churches was rejected by a large majority of the clergy, while the laity showed a small majority in its favour. The proposed undertaking of the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Down and Clogher to consecrate two Protestant bishops in Spain and Portugal was disapproved by some prelates, on the ground that it had not been shown that the Spanish Reformed Church agreed in doctrine with the Irish Church. Ultimately, however, the Synod refrained from interfering with the intended action of the Archbishop and Bishops named, who are to use their own discretion.

The Rev. H. E. J. Bevan, who succeeded Dean Burgon as Gresham Lecturer of Divinity, has been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been asked to speak at the Exeter Church Congress, in October, on "The Ethics of Amusement," more particularly in relation to the theatre and the music-hall. In 1889, when the Church Congress met at Cardiff, Mr. Edward Terry read a paper on a similar subject.

The death of Professor Robertson Smith has been greatly lamented over the world of scholarship. He has left a good deal in manuscript, as well as in uncollected writings in periodicals, and there is little doubt that, as in the case of Mark Pattison, these will be ultimately collected and published.

At a meeting held in the Chapter House, Lincoln, to commemorate by some permanent memorial the late Dean, Mr. Joseph Ruston, a leading Nonconformist, bore warm testimony to the Dean's high and rare qualities. Mr. Ruston emphasised his very great clearness of judgment and his wonderful and sustained energy. The late Dean has exercised some influence upon the age in which he lived.

Few books were more familiar to the students of the last generation than Dale's *Thucydides*. It appeared in Bohn's Library. The translator has just died at Budleigh Salterton, in his eighty-second year. He was the Rev. Henry Dale, M.A., who graduated first class at Oxford in 1834. He devoted himself to literary pursuits for some years, and ultimately held the livings of East Stoke and Wilby.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is now settled in the Metropolitan Tabernacle as permanent successor to his father. He has been well received, and the great building continues to be well filled with, perhaps, the largest congregation in London.

There was another riotous disturbance in the streets of Cork on Sunday evening, April 8, provoked by the open-air preaching of the Protestant Evangelical missionaries.

The next chairman of the Congregational Union will probably be the Rev. Dr. Griffith John, a distinguished missionary to China.

Leith Hill Over from Ockley Common.



Entrance to Farn Farm.



Working Time.



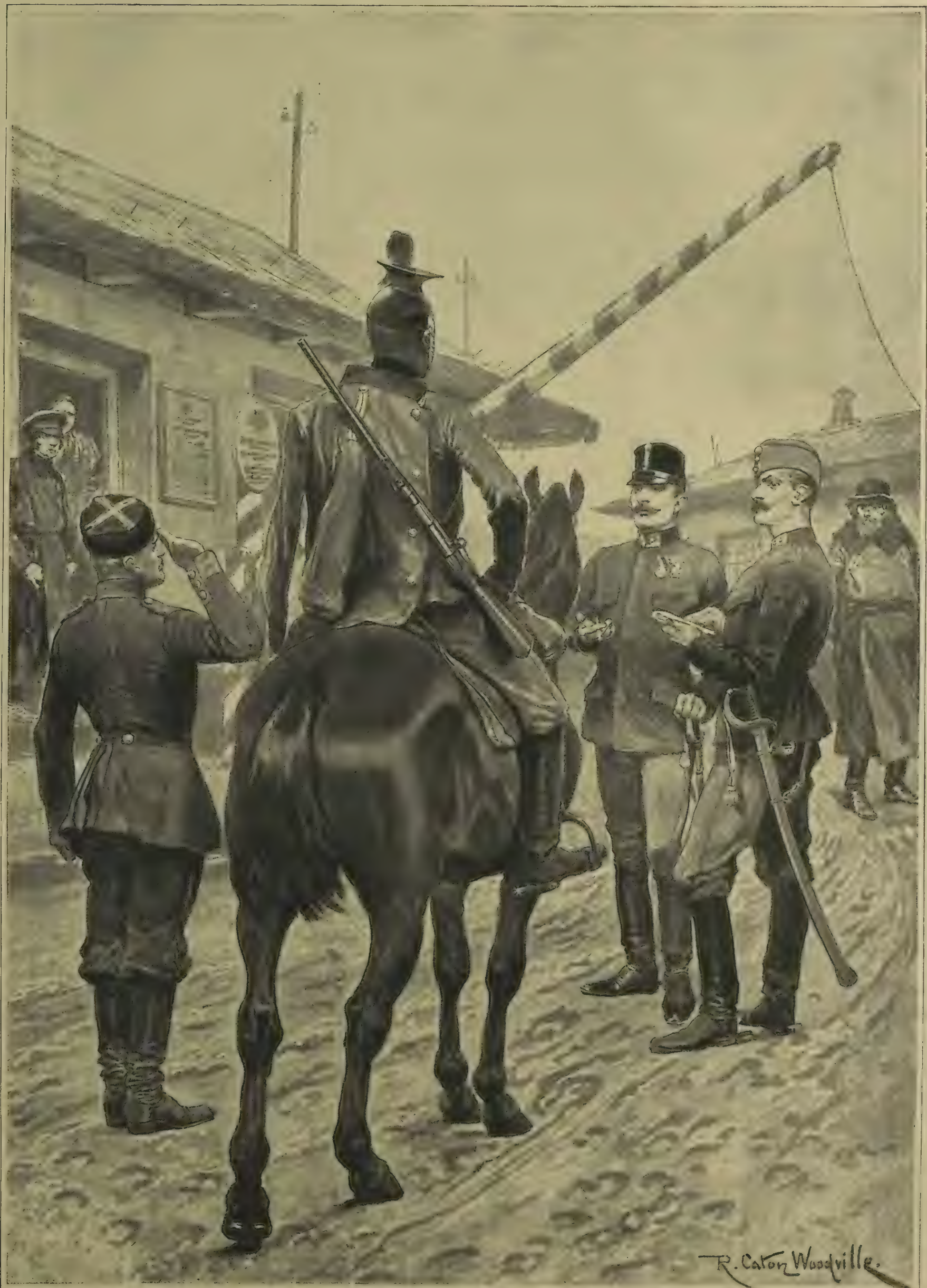
An Old Pump on Ockley Common.





"BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK."—BY MRS. ALMA-TADEMA.

From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company.



R. Caton Woodville.

A RUSSIAN DESERTER ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

LITERATURE.

A NEW EDITION OF SHELLEY.

The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited, with a memoir, by George Edward Woodberry. (London: Kegan Paul and Co., Limited).—Notwithstanding its English title-page, this is altogether a product of American scholarship. The editor, who dates his preface from "Beverly, Mass.," is well known here by his notes on the Shelley manuscripts preserved in Harvard College Library as an accomplished and diligent student of the poet, and in spite of one serious flaw, the present result of his labours has some claim to take a place beside the admirable editions of Messrs. Buxton Forman, Rossetti, and Dowden, which we already possess. It aims at supplying the student with a complete variorum text and a summary of all that previous editors have achieved; but while Mr. Woodberry's revisal of his predecessors' work, together with his independent reference to original sources, wherever practicable, can hardly have been without advantage, Mr. Forman's monumental editions are unlikely to be superseded as an adequate critical apparatus. The chief interest attaching to this new edition lies in its inclusion of those early verses of Shelley which hitherto we have possessed only in the pages of Professor Dowden's "Life."

It is with a shudder that one reads in Mr. Woodberry's preface an "intimation" that "the spelling has been modernized," for in the same paragraph are found cropping up such barbarous forms as "color" and "endeavoring." Tremblingly one glances at the text, and finds that an east wind has withered it. Gone are all the odours "which led our steps astray," and with them the splendours of sun-lit vapours, giving place to things "at whose names the verse feels loath." "Succor" is brought to English "parlors" in American "vagons"—and so on. Happily, Mr. Woodberry has lacked the courage necessary to the perpetration of the worst outrages of this sort, and such "archaisms" as "theatro" and "traveller" have been spared the pincers and the shears. Oddly enough, this editor, who can see that Shelley's use of capitals "colors the line perceptibly," states that the archaic forms of words deliberately employed by Shelley "seem to me to have no poetic value in his poems. The simplest decision, therefore, was to employ modern forms throughout!"

It is this inroverent and uncritical meddling which I have indicated as constituting a serious flaw in an edition intended for students. In a popular edition meant only for circulation in America, American spelling might possibly be excusable, though as Shelley was an English writer, the point is clearly arguable. In one prepared expressly for the use and guidance of students there can be no question that all tampering with the text is unwarrantable.

Mr. Woodberry's introductory "Memoir" is pure surplusage, for while it adds nothing to the facts already known, it omits many which are essential to a fair estimate of Shelley's character and conduct. Indeed, Mr. Woodberry's reticence with regard to his hero's acknowledged imperfections is remarkable, seeing that for such as he mentions or illustrates, he considers needless the elaborate excuses put forward by less robust biographers. He believes that "much in Shelley's earlier career which seems abnormal is due to the misapprehension and the misinterpretation of him by his friends. . . . If the thoughts and actions of first years were more commonly and minutely detailed, there might be less wonder, less distrust, less harsh judgment upon what seems erratic and foolish in Shelley's early days. His misfortune was that immaturity of mind and judgment became fixed in imprudent acts; his practical responsibility forever its due time." In the latter portion of his life, Shelley continued, we are told, "to meet with grave misfortune, and his character still stood blackened and traduced in the eyes of the world. His life with Mary had been a happy one, but he had early learned that it was his part to deny himself and contain his own moods and sorrows. It is plain that he felt a lack of perfect sympathy between them, a certain coldness, and something like fault-finding with him because of his persistent difference from the world and its ways." Such is Mr. Woodberry's delicate way of alluding to Shelley's "persistent" habit of "idealizing" any woman who attracted his ever-vagrant fancy, and his equally persistent practice of endeavouring to realise his ideals in this kind—his wife (who had once herself been an ideal) being expected to listen with intelligent sympathy to such of her husband's melodious justifications of himself as he chose to read to her. "The verses he wrote to Mrs. Williams," says Mr. Woodberry (and he might have added, the letters he wrote to Miss Clairmont) "were kept secret from Mary, and have the personal and intimate quality of poems meant for one alone to read."

It is this uncompromising attitude which frees Mr. Woodberry from the need of pretending to believe that Shelley cast off his first wife because he held a conviction of her unfaithfulness. "In Harriet's absence," says the biographer, with refreshing frankness, "he had come to love Mary, and to see in following that love the way of escape from his troubles." 'Twas pretty Fanny's way—neither more nor less. Like most of his predecessors, Mr. Woodberry is careful to quote the passionate protest which Shelley addressed to Southey respecting the abandonment of Harriet and its consequences: "I am innocent of ill, either done or intended; the consequences you allude to flowed in no respect from me." But, again following the example of his predecessors, he omits to quote from Southey's unanswerable reply: "At length you forsook your wife, because you were tired of her, and had found another woman more suited to your taste. . . . Ask your own heart whether you have not been the whole, sole, and direct cause of her destruction. . . . She trusted to your heart, not your opinions." Shelley asked his heart, and received the only possible answer. That he recognised the true image of his conduct to Harriet in the mirror here presented to him, and that it rarely ceased to haunt him, are the redeeming features of the short remainder of his life. The remorse which the hauntings engendered is the obvious and adequate explanation of that dejection which Mr. Woodberry is not the first to characterise as inexplicable. J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

A BOOK OF SHORT STORIES.

Outlines. By Florence Henniker. (Hutchinson and Co.)—Mrs. Henniker has the literary gifts by inheritance; and the reviewer need not fear that he will be called upon to judge her work as the diversions of a fine lady or the pardonable follies of a very pretty woman. This volume of short stories has no trace of amateurishness, and the dedication to "my friend, Thomas Hardy," is quite in place. Mrs. Henniker's book is workmanlike, and so great an artist as Hardy will appreciate the taking of pains which has, no doubt, gone towards the production of stories sympathetic, imaginative, and, at their best, with the power of compelling sympathy. Mrs. Henniker's are not stories of the aristocracy, with whose manners and habits she is, of course, best acquainted; and one doubts whether the frank sympathy which sets her heroes and heroines in a comparatively humble condition of life is quite an equivalent for the knowledge that would have stood her in good stead if she wrote of her own people. However, the one story in which the hero, being a Cabinet Minister, belongs to Mrs. Henniker's rank of life is the one failure of the book. Mr. Fludyer's love-story opens well, with a description of the man's love and anguish for his wife, half killed in a carriage accident, that promises well for the story; and for the delineation of the statesman, as we first seem to get an idea of him—single-minded, devoted to his wife and his work, somewhat lonely, and entirely dignified. We are prepared to accept him as greatly the superior of his wife; but presently, when the poor lady is laid on an invalid's couch, and because she cannot listen to his speeches or follow the debates in the newspapers, he falls head over ears in love with her young cousin, we have a feeling of detecting Mr. Fludyer in something sneaky. Mrs. Henniker does not succeed in giving the love affair the feeling of inevitable tragedy, of a world well lost for love, that could make us forget the trustful sick lady while her husband is pleasuring and philandering with a younger woman whom she loves. "The Major's Prodigal" is a very pretty story, and ends with unexpected happiness, though one only accepts by blinking the eyes such a "bouncer" as Flavin in the capacity of sinner and saved. Again, in the third story, a retired stationer from Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, would scarcely live among people quite as vulgar as Mrs. Ellery, Wilcox Crisp, Mrs. Pye, and Mrs. Hallowes. But that is just the inevitable want of perspective that comes from want of knowledge. One suspects that there would be half-a-dozen social grades really between a Belgravian stationer and people with far less than the manners of the servants' hall. However, in this story Mrs. Henniker not only holds our interest, but accomplishes an exceedingly good little bit of character-drawing in the rather detestable Janet. When she refuses to free the captive lark, even at her lover's request, one foresees the final catastrophe. The last story, "A Sustained Illusion," is really the triumph of the book. If it was the last of the four stories to be written, Mrs. Henniker is to be congratulated on a striking advance. It has a sustained pity and sweetness, and the simplicity of the manner entirely suits the poignant little tragedy. Altogether the book is to be recommended to anyone in search of short stories clean-cut and impressive, and written with a style easy and educated that makes very pleasant reading. KATHARINE TYNAN.

A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.

A Superfluous Woman. Three vols. (Heinemann).—The purpose of prose fiction, we are taught, was once to amuse, or, preferably, to "entertain"; but of late years the novel has developed a new function: it now exists, in large measure, to tell the world what women think; and the world, having for several centuries instructed women not to express their thoughts, finds this new fiction full of surprises, and hastens to ask for it at the libraries. The mere story does not matter very much; even the characters are not of very great importance. The essence lies in a study of position and development, while the reader is interested by a contemplation of the deeper social problems from a new point of view and by the stimulation of his own thoughts about them.

It is worth noting that in nearly all the novels of this class the point of view revealed is as far as possible from that customarily attributed by men to women. It is, in the first place, eminently individual. Women are not shown as at all willing to look on happiness through a man's eyes, but rather as standing each ready, no less than a man, to measure life by its relation to herself. The great lesson which these modern stories bring home, or should bring home, is that, however much a woman may appear to a man as a creature relative to and dependent upon him, she does not by any means appear so to herself. The final result, in short, of these novels must surely be the destruction of the average man's most cherished illusion—the belief that, while love is an episode for him, 'tis woman's whole existence. Cruel will be the awakening when he is compelled to realise that, for his mate as for himself, love is not life, but only life's supreme moment. Let us hope the discovery may be mitigated by a belated perception that the human harp of one string is a fatiguing instrument to live beside. The relation to persons of the heroines of this new fiction is apt to be more or less accidental and subordinate, but the pressure upon them of circumstance and social convention is, on the other hand, represented as very heavy. The woman is not dependent on the man, but she is hemmed in by custom and environment.

The so-called "Superfluous Woman" is one whose outward advantages of beauty, wealth, and high social standing are, in truth, her drawbacks and her fetters. She can neither be happy in the soulless "Society" round, to which she has been accustomed, nor can she cast it altogether aside, and accept the primitive life of the Highland farmer whom she learns to love. She sets out upon the perilous highway of existence, absolutely undisciplined, and, indeed, fundamentally uneducated. She has no knowledge, no vital principles, no basis for reasonable choice, no genuine intellectual interests. She is not "superfluous"—how can a healthy, beautiful, intelligent, well-meaning human creature be superfluous?—but she is wasted.

The story of that waste is, on the whole, well told,

although there are two pretty obvious weaknesses. The first is a limited vocabulary, which leads to the continual recurrence of certain words. It might be a salutary exercise for the author to count how often she has used the word "peasant" (and used it generally a little wrong, for "peasant" is, after all, not a synonym for "rustic") in the course of her Scotch chapters; and, again, how often she has used the word "sexuality"—of which some of us may venture to question whether it be a word at all—in her London chapters. A limited vocabulary may be widened by care, study, and a stern insistence upon rendering the exact shade of our thought; and even the tendency to "fine" writing, which is the second weakness of "A Superfluous Woman," may be but a want of practice. It takes us all, critics no less than writers, some time to learn that it is not strength, but rather weakness, which resides in the big word. Both these defects represent a failure in precise expression, and to say exactly what you mean is the first element of the story-writer's craft—an element, alas! very seldom present in the early work of any English writer.

Yet let it not be supposed that there are no verbal felicities in this book. There are often clear, first-hand thoughts clothed in the right words; but we feel with regret that it needed only a little more—is it care, thought, or skill?—to have brought all to the level of the best. The level of the best is very good. Such a phrase as "She had been taught not to discriminate, but to ignore" goes down to the root, and can be understood by the dullest. It remains to be seen whether "A Superfluous Woman" is a clever person's one utterance, or whether it is a real novelist's beginning. CLEMENTINA BLACK.

GREEK GENIUS.

Some Aspects of the Greek Genius. By S. H. Butcher, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. (Macmillan and Co.)—The charm of this book lies not so much in any element of novelty as in the felicities of expression throughout. In the opening chapter, which treats of the contribution of Greece to the world's common store of knowledge, and of the power and permanence of Hellenic influence, we have well-timed insistence on the imperishable value of the gift. For these are days when much loose thinking is abroad, when the verbose speculations of theosophists and "all their tribe" usurp the high place of philosophy, concealing in vagueness their poverty of ideas. To escape from this is to return to the bracing atmosphere of the Greek spirit, and to have recourse to that "sovereign efficacy of reason" by which Wisdom is justified of her children.

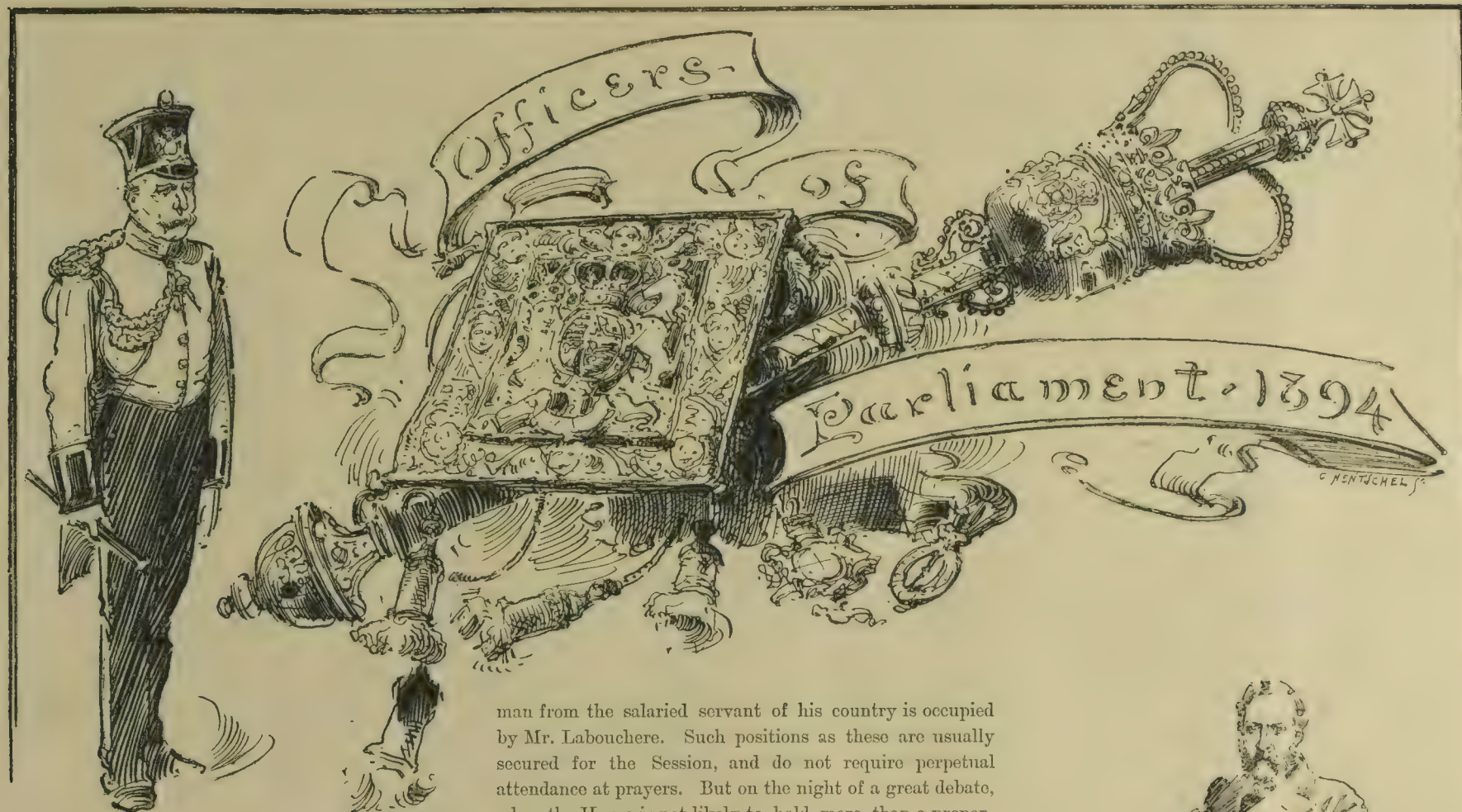
There was dross enough in the Greek character; the gay and pleasure-loving and reasonable mixed with the avaricious and cowardly and unscrupulous; but this may not count against those prime qualities which enriched the Greeks, and, through them, the great progressive nations of the West. There was a healthy objectivity, as contrasted with the morbid subjectivity which hinders thought from passing into action. There arose among them no Simon Stylites to mount his useless pillar; no fakir to spend life looking at the tip of his nose; no schoolman to speculate how many angels could dance on a needle's point, or to debate such questions as what language the saints in heaven will speak after the Last Judgment, or whether Lazarus had the legal right to claim after his resurrection the property which he had willed before his death—questions actually propounded as subjects for master's degree in Harvard College a hundred years ago.

Of the two dominant influences upon the immaterial life of man—the Hebraic and the Hellenic—the Hellenic has shown itself capable of wider range, as the scientific method, which the Greeks were the first to discover and apply, is extended to every province of life. In an exquisite passage Professor Butcher draws the contrast between the keen, clear-visioned Greek in earnest search after the law governing the facts, and the dreamy, shrinking, incurious Oriental, "loving to move in a region of twilight, content with that half-knowledge which stimulates the religious sense," thinking it "impious to draw aside the veil which hides God from man," to study causes, and strive to read the riddle of the earth. "Scientific questioning and discovery could hardly exist where (as in many parts of the East) each fresh gain of earth was thought to be so much robbery of heaven." At the opposite pole is the Greek, unwearied in pursuit of knowledge, however baffled and bewildered; the Ionian "giving birth to an idea which was foreign to the East—that Nature works by fixed laws." That idea, vagarious as were the forms it took in early speculations, was firmly rooted in the Greek mind by the middle of the fifth century B.C., so that our modern theory of evolution would have been intelligible to so ancient a philosopher as Heraclitus.

It is, in fact, difficult to avoid exaggeration in speaking of the heritage bequeathed by Greece as the giver of every quickening, fruitful idea which has remade nations and developed human faculty on every side. "One half of life she has made her domain; all, or well-nigh all, that belongs to the present order of things and to the visible world," so that nothing in science, religion, and art can be understood without referring it to Greek influence—an influence the arrest of which by the Dark Ages threw back the progress of mankind a thousand years. The Renaissance re-established the union between the reason and the imagination, between the love of beauty and the love of truth.

It would be pleasant to linger, amid our present-day theories of Collectivism and Individualism, over Professor Butcher's chapter on the "Greek idea of the State," with its higher unity in which the citizen was merged, where the spiritual and temporal functions were blended, where law was "articulate reason," but where, though free from the modern curse of industrial competition and the assessment of prosperity by the low ideals of Board of Trade returns, the greater curses of slavery and of woman's degraded subordination existed, and where a lazy oligarchy despised trade and toil. But space forbids.

A chapter on the "Dawn of Romanticism in Greek Poetry" takes the place of one on Aristotle's "Theory of Fine Art and Poetry" in the present edition, which is to be followed by a companion volume on Aristotle's "Poetics." EDWARD CLODD.



THERE is a ceremony in the House of Commons known as prayers, but no journalist who is not a member of the House of Commons knows anything about it. The Houses of Parliament perform their devotions in private. In the Lower House prayers are read by the chaplain, who happens to be the distinguished scholar known as Archdeacon Farrar. In the House of Lords the devotional medium is usually a bishop, and when he is not available the Lord Chancellor takes his place. The ceremony is not a protracted one, and I am not sure that its uses have ever been associated with its religious aspect. The advantage of attendance at prayers in the House of Commons is, in the main, a secular one. The member who appropriates a seat on that occasion is entitled by an invariable rule of courtesy to hold it for the rest of the evening. Everybody knows there are seats and seats in the House of Commons. A good many of them are associated with certain members by almost immemorial right. The Treasury bench is for Ministers, the front Opposition bench for ex-Cabinet Ministers and Privy Councillors, the corner seat below the gangway is usually reserved for a kind of informal leader, either of independent Radicalism or of independent Toryism. The corresponding seats opposite were in the Parliament of 1888 appropriated by the Fourth Party; while on the Ministerial side the useful little corner which divides the out-of-office

man from the salaried servant of his country is occupied by Mr. Labouchere. Such positions as these are usually secured for the Session, and do not require perpetual attendance at prayers. But on the night of a great debate, when the House is not likely to hold more than a proportion of the members eager to have good sitting and hearing advantages on the floor of the House, attendance at prayers is abnormal.



CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, HOUSE OF LORDS: THE EARL OF MORLEY.

Of the Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords nothing need be said beyond that he is a most exemplary official, handsome, suave, dignified, with an excellent presence, and with a really large knowledge of constitutional lore. Lord Morley does his work, which is not, after all, a giant's task, as thoroughly as any man could well do it.

Besides the official functions which I have described there are the various executive duties, which belong more to the offices and the exterior of Parliamentary life than to the inner sanctum. There, for instance, are the police arrangements, which for years have been a model of good sense and good order, and which are to-day in the very capable hands of Inspector Horsley. Mr. Horsley is the successor of a famous figure in Parliamentary life—to wit, Mr. Denning. Mr. Denning was familiar with nearly all the famous Parliamentary figures of the second half of the



THE LORD CHANCELLOR: LORD HERSCHELL. CLERK OF THE PARLIAMENTS: MR. H. J. L. GRAHAM. CLERK ASSISTANT: HON. E. P. THESIGER. READING CLERK: HON. S. BETHELL.

Victorian era, and his memory is a storehouse of incidents grave and gay. Mr. Horsley's experience is a little shorter, but he too has had a long service, and his personal relations both with members and journalists are just as agreeable as those of his predecessor. The police in the

House have practically two matters to bear in mind: they have to see that no part of the rather minute code of ceremonial regulation is infringed, and they have to scrutinise the faces of the strangers in the technical sense of the word who are admitted to the Lobby or into the House either by passes from members or by the sessional tickets which testify to the fact that the holder is either a journalist or a private secretary, or is one of the many cogs

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN:
COLONEL CARRINGTON.

of the Government Parliamentary machine. All these men are, of course, known personally to the police, and it is here that the more delicate side of their functions comes in. A certain rule of extreme courtesy is therefore essential, and no one who knows the House of Commons well has ever had occasion to complain of a departure from it. Then, again, there are the doorkeepers, with Mr. Jennings, a figure of almost ideal grace, at their head. they have to keep the door of the House to prevent strangers from entering the sacred precincts, and to convey all kinds of messages to Ministers and members either within the Chamber or its precincts, and generally to keep up a kind of telephonic communication between the chief points of the Palace of Westminster. In the Gallery, again, is Mr. Woodcraft, who is responsible for order in the Reporters' Gallery, and who

does all kinds of useful offices for members of the Press. Perhaps there is a trifle too much officialdom in the House, and the rules are certainly more minute than would suit the rather freer atmosphere of most of the other Parliamentary assemblies in the world. But, considering all things, they work remarkably well: a certain tradition of social tolerance keeps the air cool and sweet.

Again we turn for a moment to the ceremonial aspects of House of Commons procedure. There is Black Rod, whom we in the Commons only know when he makes his regular journeys from the Lords clothed in velvet knee-breeches, his little black-and-gold rod in his hand, and summons the Commons to hear the

SECOND DOORKEEPER IN THE COMMONS:
MR. WILSON.

Royal Messages read. The wonder is what Black Rod does with his time when his periodical functions are over. Does he write Constitutional histories, something after the fashion in which Mr. Dick composed his famous memorial? And is he in the same way tempted at every other sentence to an excursus on the functions of Black Rod? Foreigners—especially our



LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN: THE EARL OF ANCASTER.

American friends—smile at all these survivals of old customs, just as they smile at the Speaker's robes and train, and at the cocked hats and gorgeous apparel of the peers who are selected to open Parliament by commission. But somehow, to Englishmen, these things do not seem



GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD: ADMIRAL THE HON.
SIR J. R. DRUMMOND.

ridiculous: they keep alive the memory of what the English Parliament has done, and they now and then send strange little gleams of splendour into the sober woof of Parliamentary procedure. When Black Rod himself, who, in the person of Admiral Drummond, is a very aged



SERJEANT-AT-ARMS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
THE HON. W. P. M. C. TALBOT.

gentleman, does not officiate, his place is taken by the Yeoman Usher, Mr. Butler, who has maintained with remarkable accuracy the tradition of the famous amble between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Whatever may be the precise constitutional value of the services of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod they are fairly well rewarded at a salary of £2000 a year, with £500 for the acting Yeoman Usher. Coming back again to the gilded chamber, with its ample equipment of ceremonial officials, we come across such personages as the Lord Great Chamberlain and his secretary. Lord Ancaster and Colonel Carrington are responsible for the maintenance of that part of the Palace of Westminster in which the House of Lords goes through its limited sphere of work. During the debates on Home Rule and Parish Councils these officials had a task of quite unusual severity laid upon their shoulders. They had to provide for an almost unprecedented rush of strangers and journalists to the tiny Press Gallery and the diminutive space allotted to visitors. Indeed, whatever may be the case against the Peers from a democratic point of view, journalists and visitors can only bless the rules of procedure which guide its deliberations.

With all their dignity, however, it is questionable whether the Peers possess such a stately personage as the Commons own in their Speaker. No one probably enjoys the traditional side of his position in the House more than Mr. Peel. The present Speaker is an ideal ceremonial figure. His majestic port, the graceful wearing of his robes, the solemn diction with which he emphasises the few occasions on which he addresses the House, the knowledge that great and even possibly growing powers lie behind this imposing exterior—all these things have a sobering effect on the wildest democrat that ever passed through the swing doors that move all night on their noiseless hinges. The old-world atmosphere of House of Commons life is indeed always with us. It appeals to you from the first hour when, standing in the Lobby, you hear the distant cry of "Mr. Speaker!" followed by Mr. Horsley's stentorian command of "Hats off, strangers!" It comes back to you when with the last spoken word of the night's sitting, the doorkeeper's cry, "Who goes home?" echoes from corridor to corridor. The English Parliament may have a long, long life before it, but one's first and last thought concerning it is that it is very, very old.



YEOMAN-USHER: MR. T. D. BUTLER.



CHIEF DOORKEEPER IN THE COMMONS:
MR. JENNINGS.

THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE.

In having the Villa Fabbriotti for her abode in Florence, the Queen has scarcely been as fortunate as when she was last in the City of Flowers. Villa Fabbriotti is a modern structure, though standing on the site on an antique villa, and has been furnished and planned with but scant taste. Everything in the house is new, and somewhat loud in tone, and the eye has nothing to repose upon with comfort. But outside all is beauty; for who and what can spoil the exquisite charm of the Tuscan landscape? And, though there are even fairer points of view to be gained from Florentine villas than that from the Villa Fabbriotti, still, such as it is, it is a view whose equal will not be easily found the world over. Almost the best point from which to enjoy this view over city, plain, river, and mountain is that from the grass-enclosed loggia that runs along the whole south front of the villa, opening out from the drawing-room on the ground floor—a room little used by the Queen, who lives almost entirely on the first floor, but which will be used by her on the occasion of the visit paid by the King and Queen of Italy. It is a long, rather narrow, and low-ceilinged room,

another is given up to Colonel Bigge; and the really nice, quiet billiard-room of the villa has been changed into a dining-room for the household. Leading out of the ante-room is the dining-room of the villa, used by the Queen only on Sundays, when it is converted into a chapel. The Bishop of Rochester was to have come out and conducted these services, but was prevented at the last moment by illness; hence his place is taken by the Rev. R. B. Harrison, the English chaplain at Florence, a young man who is married to a daughter of Canon Rawlinson of Canterbury.

The rooms used by the Queen are all on the first floor, and all open on to a terrace that runs over the glass-enclosed loggia. Dining-room, boudoir, and bed-room were all *en suite*, but the Queen found the southern aspect chosen for her sleeping-room too hot for her, and has changed it for one on the northern side of the house, her Majesty, as is well known, preferring cold to heat. In the bed-room stands the Queen's own bed, which she has had from Windsor Castle; while in the sitting-room are her own favourite couch, arm-chair, and writing-table. The dining-room used by her is a temporary one, and is usually

finding herself again in Florence addressed to the Syndic, Marchese Torrigiani, were heartfelt and sincere. And how little tired she was by her long journey was proved by the fact that three hours after her arrival she went for a long drive. The spontaneous and cordial reception given to her by the people greatly pleased and touched her, and it was, indeed, a pretty and moving sight to see the reverence and affection manifested by the citizens to this alien Queen, in whom, however, they recognise an old ally of their fair land. All along the line of route, from many an Italian throat as well as from English ones rang out the notes of "God save the Queen." Favoured by "Queen's weather"—there has not been a drop of rain since her arrival, though it rained heavily the day before, the Queen daily takes her long drives through the city and into the suburbs, generally from four to half-past six; while in the morning she goes through the gardens of the Villa Fabbriotti and the neighbouring ones, generously thrown open for her use, in her donkey-carriage, another object of great interest and amusement to the Florentines, who cannot understand how a Queen should not choose a choicer method of



PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA: PHOTOGRAPHING A CRIMINAL.

decorated with frescoes in tempera, the best being that of Michel Angelo choosing, at the quarries of Carrara, the block from which to carve his Moses. The partition curtained off and now closed in with a temporary wall is used as an additional sitting-room when the Fabbriotti family are in residence, but has been told off as a bed-room for Sir Henry Ponsonby. In this smaller room it is Signor Fabbriotti's boast that the famous and beautiful Princess Pauline Borghese breathed her last; but seeing the room was not built when the event occurred, it is small wonder that Florentine historians refuse to give credence to this attempt on Signor Fabbriotti's part to give his villa an historical character.

Villa Fabbriotti can be entered by all four sides, but the carriage entrance most often used is on the west. Entering by this, we come on a glass door which leads into an antechamber, which is furnished as a sitting-room, and which, on its part, leads into a little glass-enclosed room, furnished in Oriental style, which serves as a smoking-room. This, which communicates with Sir Henry Ponsonby's bed-room, has been reserved for his use as a sitting-room. On this ground floor other sitting-rooms have also been converted into bed-rooms: thus, Signor Fabbriotti's own study is a sleeping-room for Dr. Reid;

a bed-room. It has been furnished in carved walnut, of the kind for which Florentine artists are so famous. It is lighted by candles and lamps, it having been distinctly understood beforehand that the Queen allows of no other illumination. Both gas and electric light are tabooed. Four men are told off, whose sole business it is to attend to the lamps in the villa during the Queen's stay. Adjoining the Queen's apartments are the rooms occupied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg—a sitting-room, a double-bedded room, and a dressing-room. Adjoining the Queen's bed-room is a room reserved for her dresser, and next to that sleeps the Munshi, who, together with the Queen's Indian attendants and their servants, are objects of continual interest and amusement to the Florentine populace, who look on them all as royal personages. The Hon. H. Phipps and Lady Churchill also sleep on this floor, while the rest of the suite are accommodated in some of the neighbouring villas, Villa Fabbriotti not being large enough to hold them all, for they number eighty all told.

Her Majesty seems very happy on this holiday. It was a pleasure to see her smiling countenance as she stepped out of the railway-carriage on her arrival, and one could see that the words of pleasure at

conveyance than to be drawn by this modest method. The Florentines hope that her Majesty may long continue to favour their city as her spring residence, and certainly for its beauty, its salubrity, its cleanliness, and the civility and kindness of its inhabitants. Florence well deserves this royal distinction.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA.

Our Special Artist lately in Siberia, Mr. Julius M. Price, when he visited one of the Russian prisons at Irkutsk, found that the art of photography was employed to secure the identification of criminals. Among the inmates of that penal establishment was a painter tolerably skilled in his profession, but who had unhappily forfeited social respectability by the crime of uttering forged banknotes. He was treated with remarkable indulgence, being allowed to practise his art in the solitude of his cell, and to earn money by producing sacred pictures for sale to the priests of neighbouring churches. Another artist-prisoner was employing himself in painting portraits from photographs. These men, though convicted, were not yet sentenced, and their detention at Irkutsk was only temporary, after which they would probably undergo a term of servitude with hard labour at the Government mines.

Studio Sunday produced a very interesting piece of information—that Mrs. Henrietta Rae's new and great picture has been purchased, before it has been exhibited, for £1000, and £200 more for the copyright. Art is truly not to be measured by its money value, but, nevertheless, the commercial result is a highly important testimony to artistic success. The subject is "Psyche before Venus," and the large canvas contains sixteen nude female figures. It was Henrietta Rae and Anna Lea Merritt whose Academy pictures were such a shock to the feelings of Mr. Horsley, and, according to his testimony, of "British matrons," a few years ago. He was not so much shocked that the female figure should be painted as that other women instead of men should have painted it. Mrs. Rae was not subdued; the grace and purity of her art of this class is its own defence, and she continued it, Mr. Horsley and the British matron notwithstanding. This picture will be seen in the Academy, and will attract great notice.

'TIS HEAVEN ITSELF THAT POINTS TO THE HEREAFTER.

Socrates taught that **THIS LIFE COULD NOT END ALL.**

Addison.

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET!

Use is Life, and he most truly lives who uses best the Blacksmith's arm and the Statesman's brain. The most truly living body is the most active in decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. The more the Blacksmith works his arms and the Statesman his brain, the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by the lungs, liver, skin, and kidneys.

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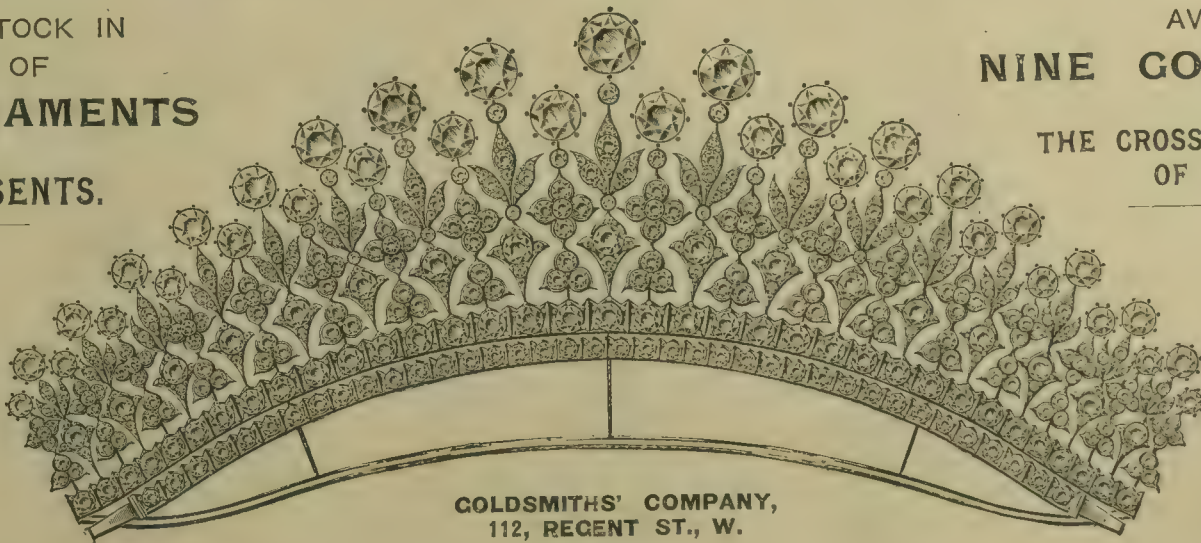
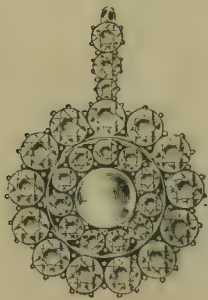
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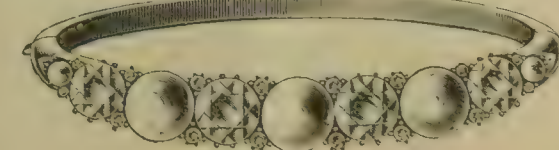
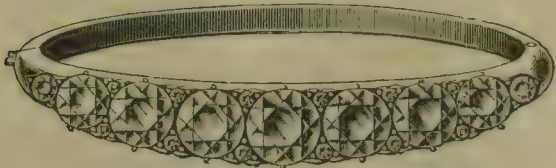
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 6), with two codicils (dated Dec. 15 and 30, 1889), of Sir George Elliot, Bart., of 1, Park Street, Park Lane; 23, Great George Street, Westminster; and The Friars, Newport, Monmouthshire, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on April 2 by Sir George William Elliot, Bart., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £575,000. The testator confirms the settlement made by him of the Brithdir estate, Monmouthshire, and the Whitby estate, Yorkshire, for the benefit of his said son and his children. He bequeaths all the jewellery, plate (except three pieces of memorial plate given to him by the electors of North Durham, which he desires to be given to his three daughters), pictures, books, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock at any of his residences or places of business (except The Friars) to his said son; his furniture, chattels, and effects at The Friars to his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Walker Pyle; £10,000 to his said son, and £50,000, upon trust, for him, his wife, and children; £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Margaret Walker Pyle, Henrietta Taylor, and Alice Ann Parkinson (less as to the latter by £3840, already settled upon her); and many legacies to sons-in-law, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, and other relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay out of the income to his son, George William, who has succeeded to the baronetcy, £6000 per annum, two thirds of a further sum of £6000 per annum, and one half of the surplus income beyond such £12,000. One third of the second sum of £6000 per annum is to be paid to his said son's eldest son, and the other half of the surplus income is to be added to the principal. The ultimate residue, on the death of his son, is, as to such part as is of freehold tenure, to go with the Whitby estate, and as to the remainder, to the person who shall become entitled to the possession and the receipt of the rents of the said estate.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1893) of Mr. Henry Parkinson Sharp, of Bleasdale House, Palace Gate, Kensington, who died on Feb. 14 at Cannes, was proved on March 19 by Edward Sharp, the brother, and Robert Cunningham Cunningsham Graham, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £353,000. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £2000, and certain jewellery, plate, &c., horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Adelaide Sharp; his residence, Bleasdale House, with the furniture and effects, and £3000 per annum, to his wife for life; £1000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his goddaughter Minna Eva Sandeman; £2000 to his stepdaughter Florence Von Oppenheim, and a further £8000 on the death of his wife; £3000 to his nephew William Sharp Waithman, and £1000 to the other children of his sister Millicent Waithman; £2000 to his nephew Frederic John Sharp, and £2500 to the other children of his late brother John; £2000 each to his executor Mr. R. C. C. Graham, and his clerk and secretary John Frost; and £100 to his coachman, Henry Stevens. The residue of

his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother Edward Sharp.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 30, 1877) of the Hon. Robert Preston Bruce, of Spencefield, in the county of Fife and 22, Eaton Square, who died on Dec. 8 at Craig House, Midlothian, granted to the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine and the Hon. Frederick John Bruce, the brothers, and Augustus Charles Baillie, the executors nominate and assumed, was resealed in London on March 31, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £193,000.

The will (dated June 17, 1878), with three codicils (dated Jan. 23, 1882; Jan. 26, 1885; and April 8, 1886), of Mr. Samuel Weston, of Albert Square, Manchester, and Belmont, Pendleton, yarn-agent, who died on Feb. 17, has been proved at the Manchester District Registry by William Lees, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £179,000. The testator bequeaths £50,000 to the Bishop of Manchester for church purposes within his diocese as he may deem best; £50,000 to the Manchester Royal Infirmary; £10,000 each to the Salford Dispensary, the Deaf and Dumb Schools (Old Trafford), the Blind Asylum (Old Trafford), St. Mary's Hospital (Manchester), and the Convalescent Institution, Pendlebury; £5000 each to the Manchester City Mission, the Commercial Clerks' Schools (Cheadle Hulme), and the Hospital for Incurables (Ardwick); £2500 each to the Manchester Eye Hospital and the Hospital for Sick Children (Manchester); £2500 to complete the tower and to pay off the debt on St. Paul's Church, Peel, Little Hulton; three sums of £1500 to be invested, and the income paid to the incumbents respectively of the churches at Brindle Heath, Charlestown, and Ellor Street, Pendleton; and legacies to relatives, friends, bookkeeper, warehouseman, and servants.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1893), with a codicil (dated Feb. 16, 1894), of Mr. Frederick Campion, of Frenches, Redhill, who died on March 10, was proved on March 31, by Frederick William Campion, the son, Thomas Henry Devereux Berridge and Edward William Puxon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator gives his leasehold house at Sandgate, £300, and all his furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Rosanna Jane Campion; the use and occupation of the Frenches estate to his wife during life or widowhood; and such legacy to his daughter Gertrude Frances as will put her on an equality with his other children with respect to the income and principal they will receive under his late father's will. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during life or widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again one third of the income is to be paid to her for life. Subject thereto, the residue is to be divided between all his children in equal shares, his daughters' shares to be held upon trust for them.

The will (dated March 18, 1891), with two codicils (dated March 18 and June 18, 1891), of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bickerstaff, J.P., formerly 6th, Dragoon Guards, of 16, Elm Park Gardens, and of Craven Cottage, Monks Sherborne, Hants, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on March 31 by Paul Catterall, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testator gives 16, Elm Park Gardens, all his jewellery, wines, and consumable stores, and two carriages and two carriage horses to his wife, Mrs. Grace Bickerstaff; the plate, pictures, furniture, and effects at 16, Elm Park Gardens to his wife for life; an annuity of £1300 to his wife in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement; £300 per annum each to his sisters Lucy Biddulph and Sarah Homan during their respective lives; his estate at Wood Plumpton, and Craven Cottage, and other lands and premises at Monks Sherborne, to his nephew Major Middleton Westenra Biddulph; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves equally between his nephews, the said Middleton Westenra Biddulph and Assheton Biddulph.

The Irish probate, sealed at Cavan, of the will (dated Feb. 21, 1888), of Mr. Robert James Burrows, D.L., of Stradone House, in the county of Cavan, who died at Brighton on Feb. 12, granted to Fane Vernon, one of the executors, was resealed in London on March 28, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £38,000. The testator charges the Stradone estate with the payment of £300 per annum to his wife, for life, in addition to the jointure of £700 per annum secured to her by settlement; and gives to her all his horses and carriages and £10,000, and the use, for life, of such of his silver plate as she may require. The Stradone and Corragogie estates he gives to his eldest son, Thomas; and in addition to £6000 charged on the Corragogie estate in favour of his younger children, which he appoints to them equally, he bequeaths to his younger children equally £6000, to be paid out of his personal estate. He appoints his eldest son, Thomas, residuary legatee.

The will (dated June 2, 1892) of Miss Elizabeth Barlow, of 2, Northfield, Ryde, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 17 by William Wycliffe Barlow and the Rev. Charles Edward Graves, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her niece, Frances Helena Antrobus Sherwill; £1600 to her nephew the Rev. Charles Edward Graves; £1000 to her nephew Norman Bellas Barlow; and other legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the five children of her brother, William Barlow, in equal shares.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Oct. 3, 1882) of Sir Henry Wrixon Becher, Bart., of Ballygiblin, county Cork, who died on Nov. 26 at Ostend, granted to Sir John Wrixon Becher, Bart., and William Wrixon Becher, the brothers, the executors, was resealed in London on March 29, the value of the personal



A LONDON TEA GARDEN OF 100 YEARS AGO.

(From a Drawing by GEORGE MORLAND.)

ELLIMAN'S

FOR HORSES AND CATTLE
MANUFACTORY
SLOUGH
ENGLAND

EMBROCATION

SOLD EVERYWHERE
2/2 1/2 3/6
EACH

Sir MARTEINE LLOYD, Bart., writes:—

June 22, 1892.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and kennels, and I find it a valuable remedy.

Sir MARTEINE LLOYD, Bart.

Master of the Bronwydd Beagles.



E. H. HUMPHREY, Esq., writes:—

Jan. 2, 1889.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my kennels, and is an excellent remedy for sprains, bruises, &c.

E. H. HUMPHREY.

Master of the North Worcestershire Beagles.

ELLIMAN'S

FOR HORSES AND CATTLE
MANUFACTORY
SLOUGH
ENGLAND

EMBROCATION

SOLD EVERYWHERE
2/2 1/2 3/6
EACH

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PANAMIK.

"To one of the Panamik coolies, who had sprained his knee, I gave some Elliman's Embrocation in one of our tin tea-cups, and thought I had made him understand he was to rub it on, but to my horror, and before I could stop him, he swallowed the lotion, and in a very short space of time was sprawling on his stomach, choking and spluttering; but as soon as he recovered his breath he got up and salaamed, saying it was very good. So, as he seemed quite pleased and none the worse, I did not enlighten him as to his mistake."—Page 13.

Quoted from "THE PANAMIK," by the EARL OF DUNMORE, F.R.G.S.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PANAMIK.

TESTIMONIALS FROM MASTERS OF STAGHOUNDS, FOXHOUNDS, AND HARRIERS.

From His Grace the DUKE OF RUTLAND.
Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables; I think it very useful. RUTLAND.
Master of the Belvoir Hounds.

From LORD HADDINGTON, Tynningham,
Prestonkirk, N.B.

Dec. 27, 1885.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds. HADDINGTON.
Master of the Berwickshire Hounds.

From the EARL OF HARRINGTON.

Jan. 9, 1889.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it the best that I can obtain. HARRINGTON.
Master of the South Wilts Hounds.

From Major M. J. BALFE, South Park.

June 16, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I can highly recommend it. M. J. BALFE.
Master of the Roscommon County Stag-hounds.

From W. DE SALIS FILGATE, Esq.,

Lissrenny, Ardee, Ireland.
July 2, 1892.
Gentlemen,—I am never without your Embrocation, which I find most useful for all purposes, and I believe it to be the most genuine and effective liniment extant. W. DE SALIS FILGATE.
Master of the Louth Foxhounds.

From ALGERNON RUSHOUT, Esq.,

Bourton House, Moreton-in-Marsh.
July 6, 1892.
Sirs,—I have used your Embrocation for many years, and find it most useful in a hunting establishment both for hounds and horses. ALGERNON RUSHOUT.
Master of North Cotswold Foxhounds.

From the Hon. RALPH NEVILL,

34, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.
July 4, 1892.
Sirs,—I have for some time been using your Embrocation, and with good results both in kennels and stables. RALPH NEVILL.
Master of West Kent Foxhounds.

From R. BURDON SANDERSON, Esq.,

Warren House, Belford.
July 10, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it very useful. R. BURDON SANDERSON.
Master of Percy Foxhounds.

From WM. J. BUCKLEY, Esq., Penyfai,
Llanelli.

July 16, 1892.
Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Royal Embrocation. I always keep a stock in my stables and kennels. My farm bailiff has also found it of much value among my herd. WM. J. BUCKLEY.
Master of Carmarthenshire Foxhounds.

From AUGUSTUS CRAVEN, Esq.,

Trenweth, Camelford.
July 17, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and has been for many years. I have found it a most useful preparation. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN.
Master of North Cornwall Foxhounds.

From Lieut. J. H. TREMAYNE,

13th Hussars, Ballincollig.
July 17, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it most useful. J. H. TREMAYNE.
Master of 13th Hussars Foxhounds.

From W. G. ROBINSON, Esq., Beech Hill,
Armagh.

June 27, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it to be a most useful remedy for sprains, sore throats, &c. W. G. ROBINSON.
Hon. Secretary to the Armagh Harriers.

From JOHN W. J. M. PATERSON, Esq.,
Terrona, Langholm, N.B.

June 27, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and has been for very many years, with most satisfactory results. J. W. J. M. PATERSON.
Master of the Eskdail Foxhounds.

From S. P. LEWES, Esq., Boncath, R.S.O.

June 21, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it most useful for horses and hounds. S. P. LEWES.
Master of the Tivyside Foxhounds.

From FRED V. WILLIAMS, Esq., Langton
Green, Kent.

June 23, 1893.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with excellent results. FRED V. WILLIAMS.
Master of the Eridge Hounds.

From LORD GREVILLE, Clonhugh,
Mullingar, Ireland.

June 22, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and always gives the greatest satisfaction. LORD GREVILLE.
Master of the West Meath Foxhounds.

From J. E. H. MARTIN, Esq., Boyton
Manor, Codford.

June 30, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Embrocation is used in my stables, and I like it. JOHN E. H. MARTIN.
Master of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds.

From BIRT ST. A. JENNER, Alfoxton
Park, near Bridgwater.

June 16, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and kennels, and I consider it a most useful and valuable remedy. BIRT ST. A. JENNER.
Master West Somerset Foxhounds.

From LORD CLANMORRIS, Craughwell,
County Galway.

June 23, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Embrocation has been freely used in my stables for the last sixteen years, and also in the house and kennels, and I have always found it a most efficient remedy. CLANMORRIS.
Master of Galway County Foxhounds.

From J. A. RUSSELL, Esq., Glanmire
House, Glanmire, County Cork.

June 28, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it very useful, especially for colds or blows. J. A. RUSSELL.
Master of United Hunt Foxhounds.

From Major A. C. TEMPEST, Coleby Hall,
near Lincoln.

June 19, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables at Coleby Hall, as also in my stables belonging to the Blankney Hunt. A. C. TEMPEST.
Master of the Blankney Foxhounds.

From the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY,
Plasnewydd, Anglesey.

June 18, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it a most excellent Embrocation. MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.
Master of the Marquis of Anglesey's Harriers.

From GEORGE BROWN, Esq., Glaisdale
Hall, Grosmont.

July 27, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation has been used in my stables now for some years, and it has always given satisfaction. GEORGE BROWN.
Master of the Glaisdale Harriers.

From GEORGE JACKSON, Esq.,
Templemore.

July 2, 1892.
Mr. Jackson still continues to use your Embrocation, and finds it good in all cases. GEORGE JACKSON.
Master of the Templemore Harriers.

From GILBERT D. HARRIES, Esq.,
Llanunwas Solva.

June 21, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I think no stable should be without it. GILBERT D. HARRIES.
High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire.
Master of the Llanunwas Harriers.

From J. P. VAUGHAN PRYSE, Esq.,
Bwlchlychau, Llanbyther, R.S.O.

June 29, 1893.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I highly approve of it. JOHN PUGH V. PRYSE.
Master of Mr. Vaughan Pryse's Harriers.

From THOMAS BOYLAN, Esq., Hilltown,
Drogheda.

June 25, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it excellent. THOMAS BOYLAN.
Master of the Hilltown Harriers.

From G. V. BRISCOE, Esq., Bellinter,
Navan, County Meath.

June 22, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and kennels, and has never failed in producing the desired results. G. V. BRISCOE.
Master of the Tara Harriers.

From P. J. M. POWER, Esq., Faithlegg,
Waterford.

June 22, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and kennels, and I find it very useful. P. J. M. POWER.
Master of the Faithlegg Harriers.

From VISCOUNT STOPFORD, Courtown
House, Gorey, Ireland.

June 23, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it excellent. STOPFORD.
Master of the Courtown Harriers.

From E. G. BARON-LETHBRIDGE, Esq.,
Tregraie, near Launceston.

June 15, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and harrier kennels, and always gives entire satisfaction. E. G. BARON-LETHBRIDGE.
Master of Mr. Baron-Lethbridge's Harriers.

From the Committee, Wirral Hunt, Neston,
Cheshire.

June 22, 1892.
Sirs,—Your Royal Embrocation is used both in our stables and kennels, and is found most valuable for all cases. THE COMMITTEE OF THE WIRRAL HARRIERS.

From CHARLES CHAPMAN, Esq.,
Carlecotes Hall, Dunford Bridge, York-hire.

June 16, 1892.
Sirs,—Your Royal Embrocation has given me the greatest satisfaction for many years. CHAS. CHAPMAN.
Master of the Penistone Harriers.

From JEFFERYS ALLEN-JEFFERYS,
Esq., Salisbury.

June 16, 1892.
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and has been so for twenty-five years. There is nothing to equal it. JEFFERYS ALLEN-JEFFERYS.
Master of Mr. Allen-Jefferys' Harriers.

From Capt. C. M. S. HUMPHREYS,
Garthmyl Hall, Montgomeryshire.

June 22, 1892.
Sirs,—I have used your Royal Embrocation for some years, and have found it very useful in stables and kennels. C. M. S. HUMPHREYS.
Master of the Severn Valley Harriers.

From Lieut.-Col. W. FLEMING, Mayfield,
Ashbourne.

July 10, 1892.
Dear Sirs,—I use your Embrocation in my stables, and very often on myself, and find it very useful. In all cases it gives relief, and in most effects a cure. W. FLEMING, Lieut.-Col.
Master of the Dove Valley Harriers.

ELLIMAN'S FOR Cramp in Chickens.

Mr. EDMUNDS MASSEY,
Arnyard House, Eltham,
Kent, writes, June 15,
1893:—

"I have some very delicate young chickens (four weeks old), one of which was severely afflicted with cramp, so much so that the feet were entirely useless for three or four days. After rubbing your Embrocation on the legs and feet, both of which were icy cold, two or three times during the day, the little thing entirely recovered."



REJOICING.

ELLIMAN'S FOR Cramp in Young Ducks.

F. A. B. writes in the
Field, July 15, 1893:—

"When young ducks go in the legs from the cramp, which at this time kills so many, a bed of dry hay in a warm place and a few rubbings with Elliman's Horse Embrocation, and having their food and water given so that they cannot wet their legs for a few days, will cure nine out of ten; and, of course, they must have chopped animal food and green vegetables."

Enlarged Copies of the two Bird Pictures for Framing,
Post Free, 3d. Stamps.

APPLY TO—

ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

HERE, YOU HAVE IT!

estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £12,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate and all the rents due to him to his wife, Florence Elizabeth Hannah, Lady Becher; all his furniture and effects at Ballygiblin and Creagh to his said brother John; and all his horses, cattle, sheep, crops and agricultural engines, stock and implements to his said brother William. He settles the Castle Hyde estate and the Castlemagner estate, except a farm in Lisduggan, on his brother William; and leaves the said excepted farm to the person who will become entitled under his father's will to the Ballygiblin estate. Frederick John Walker is appointed residuary legatee.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of an excellent reproduction of one of Mr. Archibald S. Wortley's spirited sporting pictures, "Covert Shooting" (Messrs. H. Graves and Son). For those to whom the mysteries of battue shooting are still unrevealed, this clever bit of breezy work will be a pleasant solution. The etching after Rosa Bonheur's "Noonday Rest" (P. H. Lefevre and Messrs. Tooth) is a good reproduction of one of the artist's earlier works, dating from 1868, and represents a drove of long-haired Scotch cattle resting on a high moorland surrounded by still higher mist-girt mountains. The picture is the more worthy of reproduction as it marked one of the distinct turning-points in Madame Rosa Bonheur's career as an artist, and is almost, if not quite, the first of her studies of Highland cattle.

In the excavations by the American School of Archaeology at the Temple of Hera, in the neighbourhood of Argos, the torso and head have been discovered of a statue apparently the work of the sculptor Polykleitos.

A sailing-ship named the Wellington, laden with 12,000 frozen mutton carcasses, wool and grain, which left Picton, New Zealand, on May 12 last, encountered hurricanes and icebergs off Cape Horn, and in July was obliged to put into Rio de Janeiro for repairs. The Brazilian civil war and naval conflict there obliged the ship to remain six months at Rio; she sailed thence on Jan. 24, and arrived safely on April 5 at Plymouth, with her cargo in good condition.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF AILESBUURY.

Sir George William Thomas Brudenell Bruce, fourth Marquis and Earl of Ailesbury, Earl of Cardigan, Earl Bruce, Viscount Savernake, Baron Brudenell of Stanton-Wyvil, in the county of Leicester, Baron Bruce, and a Baronet, died at Brixton, on April 10. He was the only son of the third Marquis of Ailesbury, and was born June 8, 1863. He married, in 1884, Dorothy Julia, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Haseley, of Brighton. He succeeded his grandfather in 1886, and, dying without issue, is succeeded by his uncle, Lord Henry Brudenell Bruce.



LORD BOWEN.

Sir Charles Syng Christopher, Baron Bowen, of Colwood, in the county of Sussex, died on April 10. He was born Jan. 1, 1835, and was educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford, of which latter he subsequently became Scholar, Fellow, and Visitor. He was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1861, and married in the following year Emily Frances, daughter of James Meadows Rendel. He was Recorder of Penzance and Counsel to the Treasury 1872-79; Judge of the High Court of Justice (Queen's Bench Division) 1879-82; and a Lord Justice of Appeal 1882-93. He was knighted in 1879, sworn a member of the Privy Council in 1882, and created a peer for life in 1893, on his becoming a Lord of Appeal.



LORD DE CLIFFORD.

Edward Southwell Russell, Baron de Clifford, died on April 6, at Monte Carlo. The ancient barony, to which Lord de Clifford succeeded Aug. 6, 1877, was created by writ of summons in 1299. Baron de Clifford, who was born in 1855, was eldest son of Edward Southwell, twentieth Baron de Clifford, and grandson of Captain John Russell, by Sophia, Baroness de Clifford, his wife. The barony had fallen into abeyance on the death of the eighteenth baron in 1832, and this abeyance was terminated in the following year in favour of this lady, who was daughter of Colonel George Coussmaker, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Edward, Baron de Clifford. The late peer married, April 16, 1879, Hilda, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Balfour, of Easthampstead, Berks, and leaves issue one son, Jack Southwell, now Baron de Clifford, born in 1884.



We have also to record the deaths of—

The Venerable Brough Maltby, Archdeacon of Nottingham, Rural Dean of Newark, Canon of Lincoln, and Vicar of Farndon, Notts, on March 30, at Farndon Vicarage. The late Archdeacon had been Vicar of Farndon from 1864.

Lady Susan Harriet Vernon-Harcourt on April 5 at Hastings. She was only daughter of George, second Earl of Sheffield. In 1849 she married the late Mr. Edward William Vernon-Harcourt, of Nuneham Courtenay and Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire; M.P. for that county from 1878 to 1886.

The Hon. Emma Brodrick on April 5 at 25, Royal Crescent, Bath. She was fourth daughter of George Viscount Midleton, and was born in 1807.

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health.

"Hurrah! Here it comes!"

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

N.B.—Half a teaspoonful suffices for a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

HIGHEST HONOURS, CHICAGO, 1893. 80 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS.

Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

HIGHEST HONOURS. LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS

Have gained the HIGHEST and ONLY AWARD in the British Section at the
WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE TEA POT

1/- & 1/4 PER LB.

FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

No higher Price.

1/7 PER LB.

No higher Price.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on application.

LIPTON, Tea and Coffee Planter, CEYLON.

THE LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon—Dambattenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambattenne, Mousakelle, Poopiasse, Hanagalla, and Giganella, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea and Coffee land in Ceylon.

CEYLON TEA AND COFFEE SHIPPING WAREHOUSES: MADDENA MILLS, CINNAMON GARDENS, COLOMBO.

CEYLON OFFICE: UPPER CHATHAM STREET, COLOMBO.

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INDIAN OFFICES:

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General Offices: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

Every requisite for Mourning Attire in the Latest Fashion kept in Stock.

The First Talent in Dressmaking, and Special Orders Executed in a Day.

Ladies Waited On at Home in any Part of the Country, and Travelling Expenses not Charged.

Made-up Goods and Materials in all Subdued Shades, equally adapted for Wearing out of Mourning. Sketches and Patterns Free.

256 TO 264, REGENT ST., LONDON.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of
THE CELEBRATED

"LOUIS" VELVETEEN

TO

THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." *Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

**Peptonized
COCOA
& Milk**

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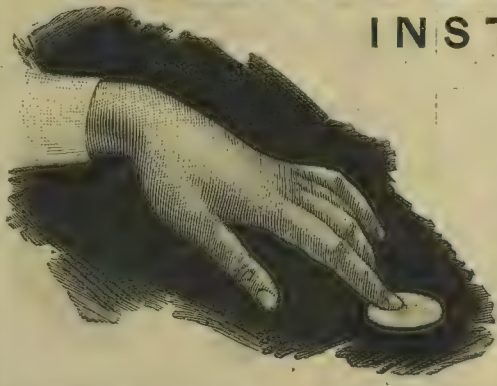
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

Most Delicious, Nutritious &
requiring no digestive effort.

TINS 2 G. Half-Tins (Samples) 1 G.

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INSTANTLY
TOUCHES
THE SPOT



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ART NOTES.

New English Art, which has not yet reached its "teens," nevertheless shows indisputable symptoms of mellowing. Whether by reason of successive volcanic disturbances from within, or under the gentler pressure of public opinion from without, the crudities which marked some of the earlier productions of the school are rapidly disappearing. Our "symbolists" and "impressionists" have not, so far, developed or split up into "vibrists" and "luminists," to adopt the jargon of our neighbours, but are gradually recognising that the British patrons of art (pure Philistines, no doubt) will not purchase pictures that convey to them little sense of reality, and still less of beauty. The exhibition at the Dudley Gallery shows how far even these stern apostles of new art have found it expedient to bow before the inevitable. At the same time, there are sufficient specimens of true "modernity" to make the collection attractive to the "illuminati." Mr. Wilson Steer, who is regarded by his colleagues as the most promising adept in the methods of M. Degas et Cie., is here represented by three very distinctive works—"The Work-Table" (42), the study of an interior; a portrait (49) of a lady in a red dress, deprived (apparently by some unfortunate accident) of both her arms and much of her waist; and by a "marino" (58), or, as we should say, a sea-piece, in which there is a very delightful effect of atmosphere spoilt somewhat by the streaky meaningless lines across the sky, and too monotonous in the effort to blend sea and sky. Mr. Charles W. Furse's portrait of the Rev. the Hon. A. T. Lyttelton (75) is a vigorous and successful attempt to force effect by the simple medium of black and white—qualities which are not less apparent in his portrait of a lady (39) of unhealthy complexion, notwithstanding his use of a more extended palette. In portraits, however, it is Mr. Walter Sickert who probably is the most gratifying by his concessions to our lower tastes. One cannot wish for anything more elegant than his portrait of Mrs. Von Tunzelman—or more truthful and vivid than his "L'Homme à la Palette" (69). Among the other portraits and figures may be mentioned those of Mr. Edward Fry (75), by Mr. R. E. Fry; of Miss Steel (68), by Mr. B. Sickert; and, above

all, the carefully finished and illumined "Study of a Head" (96), which must rank as one of the gems of the exhibition.

Among the landscapes there are several marked with a delicate sense of beauty, although they deal too often with the lower tones of evening, and thus avoid the perils of sunlight. Mr. Bernhard Sickert's "Dorsetshire Pastoral" (45) is one of the best examples of these evening effects; while Mr. Edward Stott plunges still further into the semi-obscurity of "Moonlight" (50), by which light also Miss Draper studies the "Barges at Chelsea" (53), and succeeds in giving them a weird kind of beauty. Mr. B. Priestman's "Evening Glow" (60) has many qualities of suffused light to recommend it; and Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Lagoon" (87), although truthfully reproducing some of the strange cloud-effects which one cannot fail to notice at Venice, seems to have just lost the peculiar colour of the evening haze. Mr. James Henry's "Frosty Afternoon on the Conway" (56), Mr. W. Y. Macgregor's "Towing Path" (80), a bright sunshiny scene, and Mr. James Charles's "Summer" (20) are works which would have won a place and attracted notice in any exhibition; and although there is much to admire in Mr. James Henry's "Boulogne" (100), we can scarcely imagine that such rich tones are natural to its usually grey atmosphere.

The water-colour drawings by Dutch masters now to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's, in the Haymarket, are by far the most complete and carefully chosen collection of the kind brought together in this country. To say this is to indicate at once the owner to whose liberality the public is indebted for this treat. There are altogether about one hundred and fifty drawings, which may be regarded as the pick of the studios of Bosboom, Mauve, the two Maris, Mesdag, Blommers, Tholen, and Josef Israels. Every different phase through which these painters' styles have passed—and they are numerous—are indicated by excellent examples—Bosboom by his interiors of churches and farmhouses; Mauve by his pastorals among the Dunes or by his studies in the sparse woods which still bear witness to the origin of the name "Holland"; W. and J. Maris by their quaint and realistic touches of Dutch life on the canals or in the meadows; Mesdag by his fishing

craft off Schevening; and Josef Israels by his pathetic scenes of home life, now and again lightened by its sunnier side, wherein children play the chief part. In these and other works there is not only a peculiar charm and fascination, but an original and striking technical treatment, with which our students should make themselves acquainted. For some inscrutable reason the works of living foreign artists are never purchased for any of our public collections, although no such ostracism of British art is exercised abroad. It would be as well, perhaps, if in such matters directors of our museums were a trifle less insular.

The controversy aroused by the action of the South Kensington Museum authorities in removing Mr. Perry's collection of casts raises a wider question than that of the latter's wounded feelings. When the creation of a museum of casts was originally mooted, now nearly ten years ago, its projectors and supporters undoubtedly defended it on educational grounds; and, if we are not mistaken, on the more special grounds of the value of the knowledge of such works to students in the arts of design. A reference to the debates and questions on the subject in the House of Commons will also show that there was at the time the idea of permanently establishing at South Kensington a Museum of Casts analogous to that which had been formed in Paris, at the Trocadéro, and to those more recently established at Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna. The advocates of a Museum of Casts distinctly founded their demands for funds on the educational advantages of such a collection; and it is a matter of common knowledge that the museums in the Continental capitals above referred to have one and all been established in connection with technical training. It is, therefore, not competent for Dr. Middleton and his apologists to put forward any such plea as that of the "turn-and-turn-about" system, giving to textile fabrics one year and to metal-work another year the room which was specially designed and originally set apart for a Museum of Casts. The Museum, notwithstanding the difficulties placed in the way of its development, was making excellent progress, and Mr. Perry has a right to complain of the cavalier way in which the fruits of his labour have been treated.

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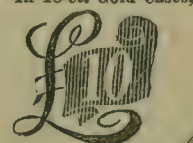
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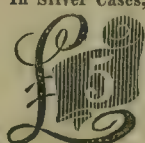
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The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Menton; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montibazon and Gillette, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The further programme announced, from March 10 to April 1, two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonambula," Madame Marcelle Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Bivert, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

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Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carols Dunlop, Edouard, sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

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MUSIC.

The grand popular Wagner Concert, given under Mr. Henschel's direction at Queen's Hall, on April 11, was supplementary to the series of London Symphony Concerts which came to a termination at St. James's Hall on April 5. Wagner programmes are very much in request just now; or, at least, they have been so since it was announced that Herr Felix Mottl, the famous Carlsruhe conductor, would make his London debut on April 17, and direct the performance of a selection from the Meister's works at the big hall in Langham Place. Whether it was the news that the tickets had all been sold for this interesting occasion, or whether it was anxiety to demonstrate that London already possesses great Wagnerian conductors of its own, we are not altogether sure; but certain it is that Mr. Henschel first and Mr. August Manns afterwards, pitched upon the week

before Herr Mottl's arrival for the purpose indicated. Was it to enter the lists against the redoubtable Felix, or was it to catch the extensive "overflow" of Wagner lovers who had learnt to their dismay that there would be no room for them at Queen's Hall on the 17th? Who knows—perhaps a little of both. The performance of the "Choral" at the last London Symphony Concert shed abundant and well-merited glory upon Mr. Henschel and his band, as well as upon the quartet of vocalists comprising Miss Fillunger, Miss Agnes Janson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Dan Price.

It could hardly have been by coincidence only that the schemes of the Crystal Palace and the London Symphony Concerts contained very nearly the same Beethoven selections within four days of each other. Mr. Manns and Mr. Henschel were more or less competitors all through the winter when conducting their Choral Union and their

Scottish Orchestra at Edinburgh and Glasgow, so it would not be matter for wonder if the spirit of emulation pervaded some of their proceedings in the South of England as well. We have already enumerated the Beethoven works chosen by Mr. Henschel, and all these, excepting only the G major concerto, were heard at the Sydenham concert in the same week, together with a new setting by Mr. Ferdinand Dunkley of Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," written for chorus and orchestra without solo voices. The novelty, which was favourably received, is modern in character and treatment, and, on the whole, may be described as a clever and effective work. Mr. Dunkley was formerly a student at the Royal College of Music, and in 1889 won a prize of fifty guineas for an orchestral suite, given by the managers of the Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre. He is now professor of music at St. Agnes's School, Albany, U.S.

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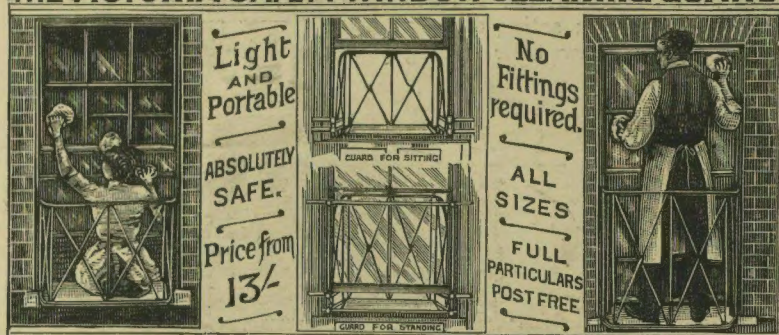
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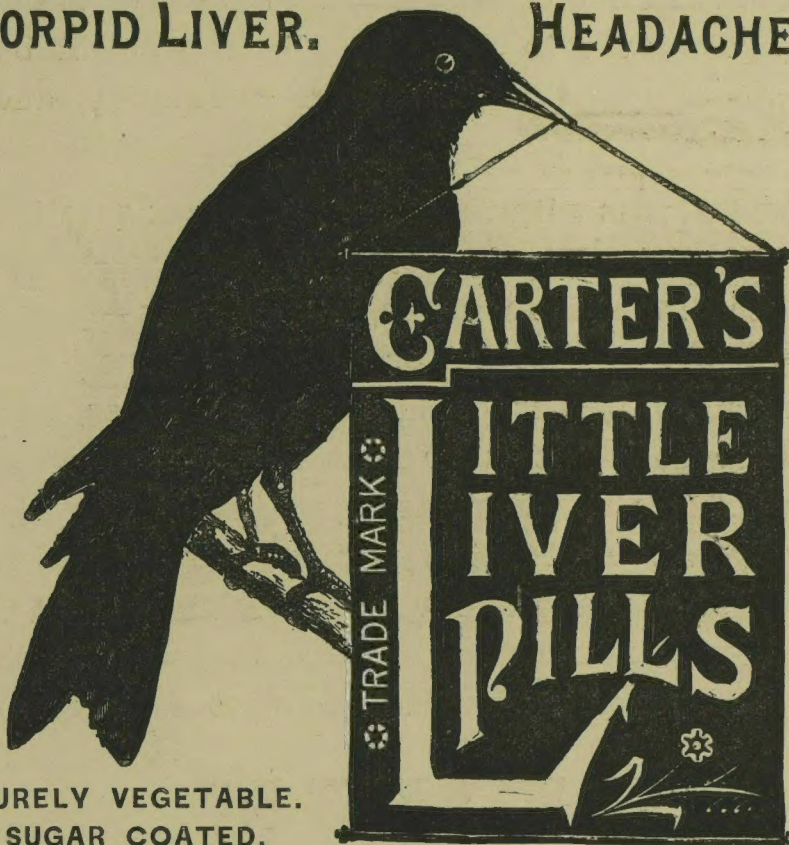
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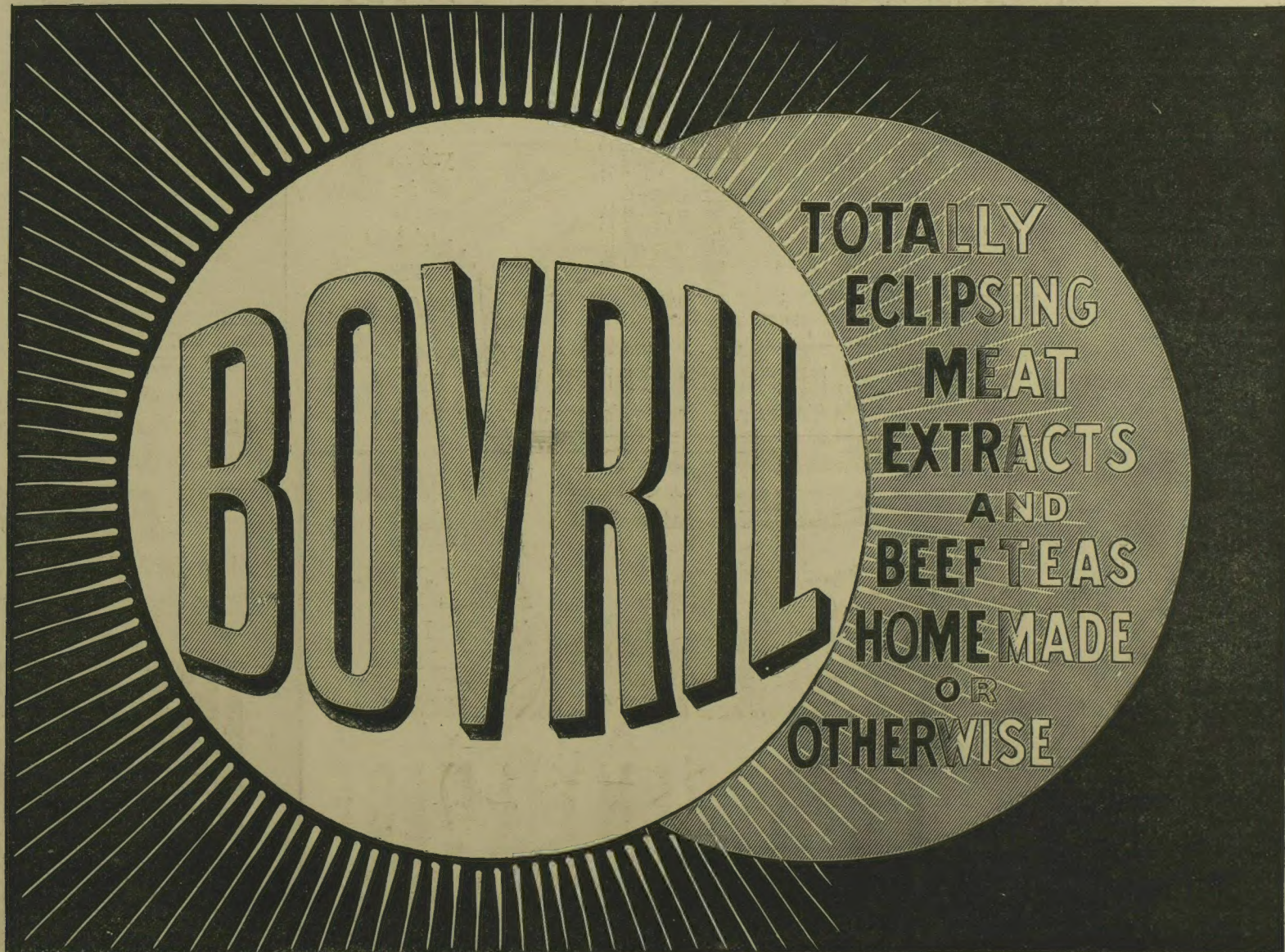
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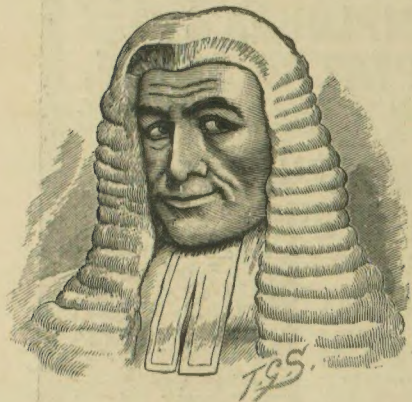
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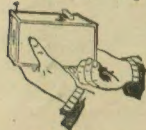
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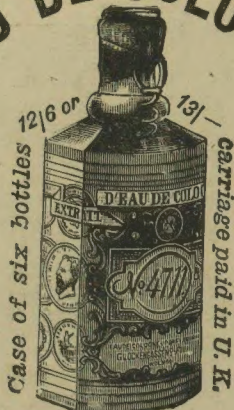
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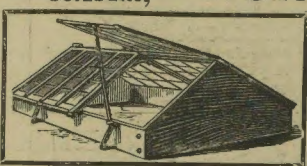
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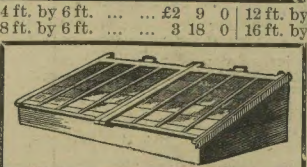
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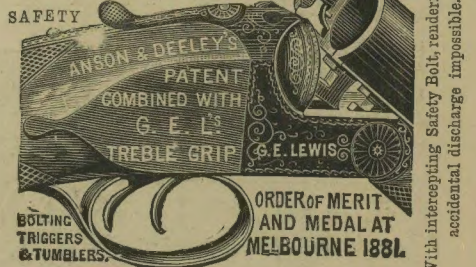
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